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Book



Missionary Education
Movement

A BOOK FOR GUIDE ADVENTURERS

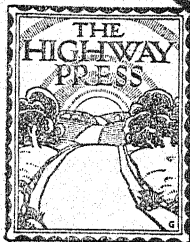
WITH AN
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

BY

ALICE M. BEHRENS

Head of Training for the Girl Guide Movement

*A series of pictures of the life of girls in Africa and the East,
with some native games and suggestions for using this book
with those who would be adventurers in their own country*



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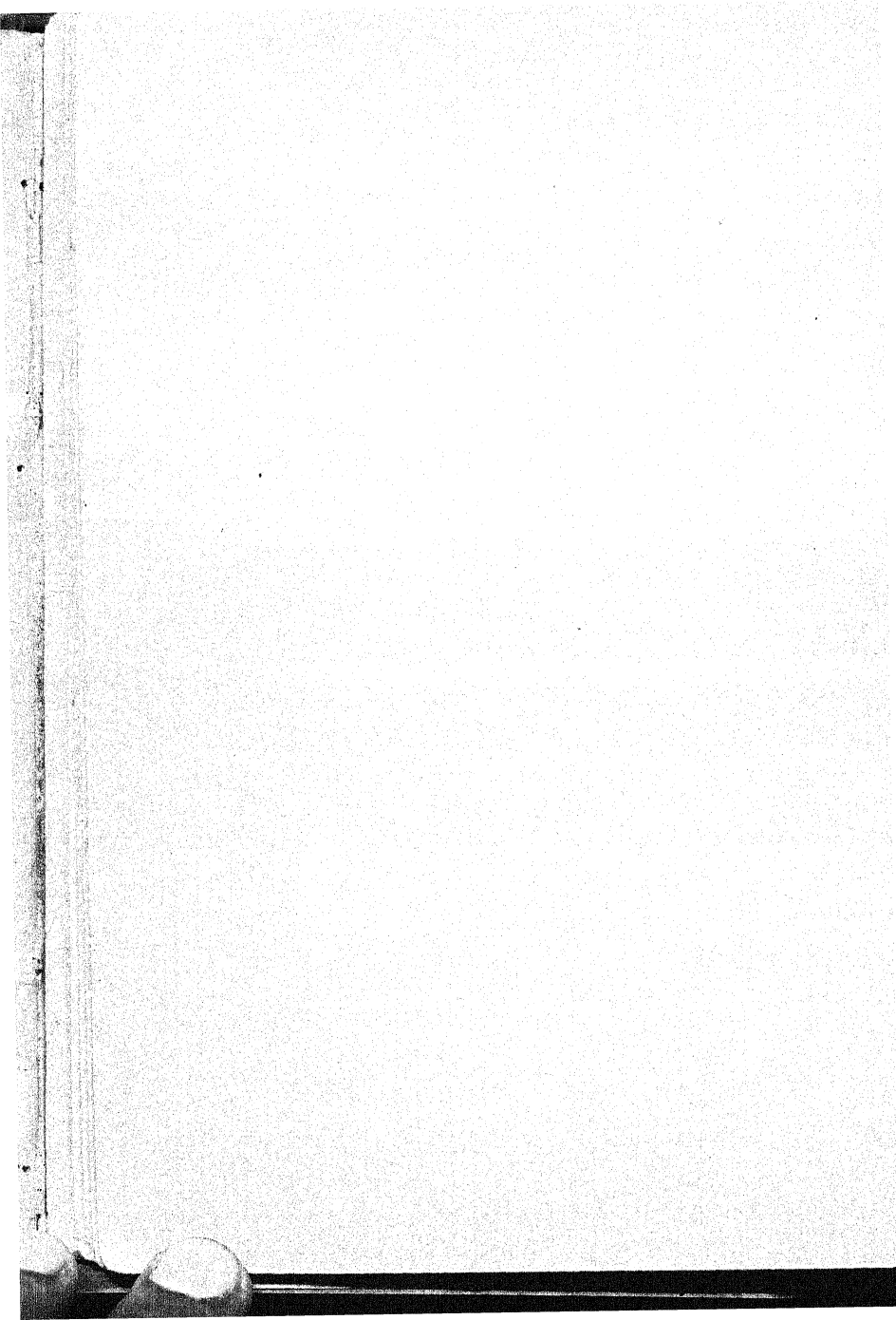
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PART I



Introductory Chapter

SOMETIMES looking at the world to-day, it seems that never before has there been quite such a thrilling age in which to live—everything is so different from what it used to be, everything is changing, and the young folk have such enormous power that to a great extent they can direct the changes.

In a following section of this book all this is being shown most clearly, and a picture will be found of the world as it is to-day—a world which needs the help of one and all. And yet so often, individuals who want “to do their bit” feel at a loss, and know not how to make the initial attempt. They realize, most probably, that the *one* weapon with which to fight the evils of the world is the message of Christ—the message of love, but *how* can they take up this message and make it known? This is the problem. Is it not because such movements as the Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, and others answer this question that they are so full of vitality to-day?

The great aim of the Guide Movement is to help in the building up of God's Kingdom on earth by spreading a spirit of friendliness, loyalty, service, and cheerfulness throughout the world. And it attempts to do this by helping each individual girl to be prepared to live at her best in body, mind, and spirit, so that she can play her part in the service of God and of His children, her fellow human beings. The Guide Promises and Laws show her how she can do this. The first one: “To do my duty to God and the King,” clearly points out that loyalty to God is the foundation upon which the movement is built; the second: “To help other people at all times,” reminding that service for others must be the natural sequence to the first; and the third: “To keep the Guide Laws,” showing that not only does it mean doing but *being* as well. Each one must live the Laws, which, when looked at carefully, contain nothing new but merely illustrate in a practical way the old, old law of duty to God and to our neighbour.

It is a great responsibility to be a Guider or any one in charge

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of a group of young people to-day, for it is up to her to give the lead, to go first along the paths of adventure that are open to all that have the desire to dare. Faith, courage, joy, are the words or motto that belong to Waddow Hall, one of the Guiders' training schools, and it is perhaps these three characteristics that are needed more than anything in the world to-day if the real work of reconstruction is to be accomplished.

Faith is needed in whatever tool is being used. So often interest and faith in a movement die down after some time. Is this not because a false conception of the movement or society is held? Is it not that the movement is looked upon as an end in itself rather than a means to a glorious end, the bringing of full rich life to one and all its members? Once this view is grasped no one can grow tired of their work for it must always be worth while. Then to-day faith in one another is also needed, faith to believe the best of those who work along different lines, realizing that all nationalities, all types, are wanted so that all can work together for the accomplishment of great ends. Faith in the girl of to-day is very necessary in order to realize that she is capable of big things, in order to see that perhaps her greatest need is to grasp the fact that she is wanted, "wanted for the business of the King." And lastly and chiefly, we need faith in God and in the power of His might, knowing that with Him all things are possible.

This knowledge brings courage. The world is needing more courage to-day, there is too much fear of doing something different from what the world is doing, too much preaching of "safety first." This theory is not true to life; everywhere the young people are ready to dare, longing for opportunities of adventure. Here then is the chance of the leader, because of her faith she can lead the way to new things, launching out on untrodden paths, pointing the way to thrilling adventures and glorious quests. Because of her faith she can help each one to:—

Fight a fight with all my might,
For truth and justice, God and right,
To grace all life with His fair light.

She can also help each one to do her bit to:—

Cleanse the world of evil things,
To draw from life its poison stings,
To give free play to freedom's wings.

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She can help each one to do something to :—

Break down old dividing lines,
To carry out my Lord's designs,
To build again His broken shrines.

And so join hands with all who are trying to :—

Lift to-day above the past,
To make to-morrow sure and fast,
To nail God's colours to the mast.

Then comes joy. The world needs more joy, so all leaders must aim in this direction by emphasizing the fact that real happiness is always to be found in service. The greatest happiness of all lies in launching out on the wonderful adventure of trying to follow Christ, Who gave everything, even Himself, for others. This it is that makes one and all look wide and see the need of the world, and then :—

Nothing can ever be dull again
When once we fling our windows open wide
And see the mighty world that lies outside
And whisper to ourselves this wondrous thing,
We're wanted for the business of the King.

Yes, there lies the joy. "Wanted for the business of the King," each single one wanted to bring Christ into the world, to take part in the "conquest of the world for Christ," Who is the Light of the world, each one to be a light bringer. This brings joy, this will bring unity to the world, perhaps this is the best way in which all can help.

This book intends to show some of the opportunities that exist for attacking the dark places of the world. They exist just as much at home as in far away lands; and once having realized this, all must unite in the common quest of dispelling the darkness and striving to let in the light.

The Victoria Falls in South Africa are very vast, very beautiful. The Zambesi River flows along for mile after mile until it widens out to a tremendous breadth; then suddenly it seems as though the earth breaks and this vast expanse of water crashes and dashes down from a height of over 300 feet. The force is tremendous and throws up great clouds of mist and steam in which are seen rainbows of every size. As one gazes at this, one seems to become a mere pygmy; the force, the power is all so tremendous.

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It is said that if a power station were to be constructed there it would generate enough electricity to bring electric light into the whole great continent of Africa; every part of the land, every town, every dark and gloomy little house and hovel could be filled with light. This may be true or not, but somehow, as one looked at those wonderful falls, the dream seemed to take shape. One saw a great power station connected by cables and wires with every corner of the land; every house and every hovel possessing electric light bulbs, each one shining forth and giving out the light generated by the power station; and then every electric light bulb suddenly transformed itself into a human life, and one realized that the electric light bulb in itself was nothing until the switch had been turned on and the connexion made with the power station. This explains why so much suffering, sadness, and darkness exist in the world to-day, and we see that the greatest work of all is to lead the way so that all may draw their light and their power and their life and their joy from the only true source which is God.

ALICE M. BEHRENS

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ALLAHABAD.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

WHAT is it that makes our age such a thrilling one in which to live? Can it really be more thrilling than the romantic mediæval times, or the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, for which many of us have often sighed? If it is true, as Miss Behrens has said, that "young folks have such power that to a great extent they can direct the changes" that are taking place in the world to-day; then our age must hold many possibilities of romance and adventure, and surely it is our job to find out what these great changes are and to understand what has brought them about. If we climb, as it were, to the mountain top and look out over the world, we soon begin to realize that from many points of view no age has been so well worth living in as our own.

In the first place the world we live in is both bigger and smaller than ever before. It is bigger, because possibilities of travel are so much greater. None of us need be a stay-at-home. Train, motor, steamship, or aeroplane can carry us to every corner of the globe. A woman aviator has flown across Africa and back without making much more fuss about it than her grandmother might have made over a journey from London to Paris. And every new Empire Marketing Board poster shows how we in England are in touch through things we use every day with places as far distant as Cape Town, Kandy, and Singapore. On the other hand the world is smaller because rapid transport, telegraph, and wireless have brought the countries nearer together. A wireless message races the sun in its journey round the world, so that people in London not long ago buying an evening paper at 5.30 p.m. read of riots which had taken place in China at eight o'clock that same evening! None of us to-day can live to ourselves. Thoughts and ideas originating in one corner of the world are becoming the property of all mankind. Newspapers find their way even into the villages of India and China, and still closer contacts between different races are made by the students of all nationalities to be found in our universities.

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Largely as a result of this closer contact between different peoples, great and far-reaching movements are taking place all over the world. We see in the daily papers constant references to such movements—nationalism, communism, industrial and educational developments, movements among women. These last alone would mark our age as absolutely unique in the history of the world. It is a commonplace to say that women and girls to-day have more freedom than ever before; but do we realize what this means, not only to English women but to girls in eastern lands whose mothers and grandmothers never ventured outside the walls of the harem?

An Englishman who had lived in Egypt for many years was amazed on revisiting Cairo after the war to see Moslem ladies standing up unveiled in their motor cars to address crowds at nationalist demonstrations. Two of these ladies, the wives of prominent officials, were invited to a conference on women's rights at Geneva. They were eager to make a real contribution to the conference and to the emancipation of their own countrywomen, and before drawing up their demands they went to an English missionary and asked her: "What is it that makes your women strong and free?" After a little thought the Englishwoman took a sheet of paper and wrote down nine points, including social equality with men, equal educational facilities for girls and boys, and the infinitely better marriage conditions that English girls enjoy than those of the East. The Egyptian women felt that these points were just what they needed, and they made them the basis of their demands at Geneva. On their return the same points were adopted by the Egyptian Feminist Union for Woman Suffrage, and presented to the Prime Minister for inclusion in the new constitution, and several of them have already been considered by the Egyptian Parliament.

The same thing is happening in other lands. Women in Turkey and Persia, in Africa and India, in China and Japan, are forsaking their age-long traditions and taking their place in politics, professions, and business, as well as in movements for the building up of a healthier home life; and in doing this they are seeking to join hands with their sisters of the West.

Closer contacts do not always bring fellowship and understanding. Two sheikhs in a remote village in Palestine indignantly asked Mr. Basil Mathews: "Why did Lord—— make that speech

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against the Arabs, saying that they were savage, undisciplined, and ignorant?" The speech had been made in Manchester a few weeks earlier, probably without any thought of its effect on the people most concerned. Race friction and national rivalry have been increased rather than lessened by the fact that we are living on one another's door-steps.

Again, many problems have been created by the rapid growth of industrialism which has resulted, partly from our demands for the products of other countries and partly from their eagerness to rival the West, in material progress. In India the young countryman who, perhaps as a result of famine, comes to seek work in a factory at Bombay or Calcutta, quickly finds that the increased rate of living in a big city soon swallows up the earnings which seemed so large at first. If he has brought his wife and family with him they will probably live in a single ill-ventilated room, or even share this with others. His wife may also work for twelve hours a day in a factory, and his children, if over twelve, may work as "half-timers." The cramped surroundings and change from village life have a disastrous effect on health, particularly in the case of children. It is estimated that of every hundred babies born in Bombay only forty-four survive. Some factory owners are doing a great deal to better these conditions, but there is a great need for education and welfare work, and for the formation of a strong public opinion, both in India and other countries.

As we look at these facts it seems as though the whole world were at cross purposes, each race and nation seeking development at the expense of others, men, women, and children suffering through the demands of material progress, misunderstandings coming through the links which should bind mankind together. How can the world be helped to realize its essential unity? It must be done through the youth of the world, for in their hands lies the future. There are already some movements taking place which work towards this unity. Among them are the League of Nations and the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements, and in these and many other attempts to bring about peace and brotherhood may be traced the influence of the greatest unifying force in the world—Christianity.

Not long ago a wonderful conference took place in Jerusalem. Representatives of fifty-one different nations met on the Mount of Olives to discuss some of the biggest problems of to-day,

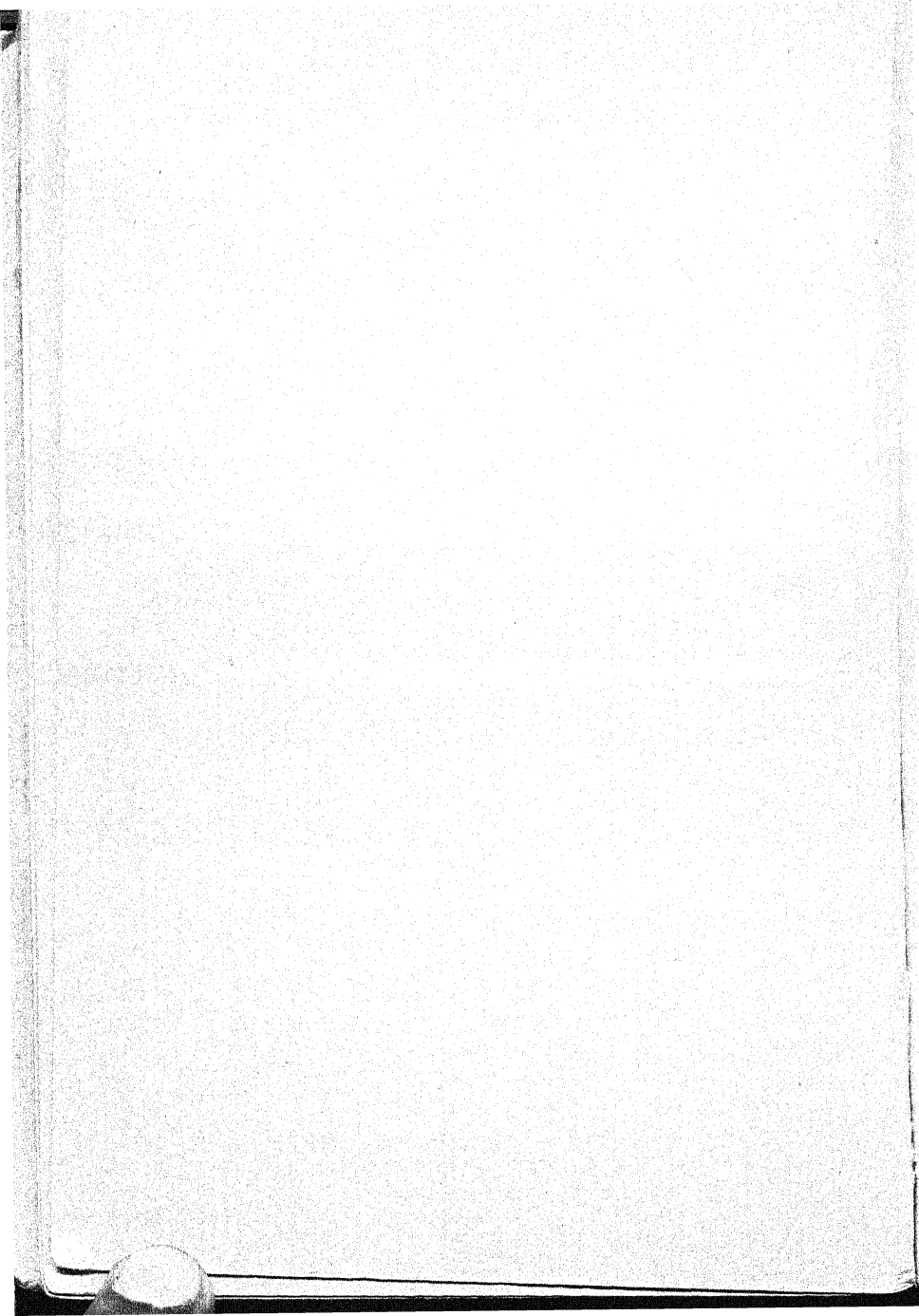
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and to see the great movements which are taking place in their relation to God's purpose for the world. The two hundred members of the conference themselves typified many of these movements and problems. The Chinese contingent had come straight from a country seething with anti-foreign feeling; educated negroes spoke movingly yet with wonderful restraint of the injustice which their race still suffers in America and many parts of Africa; Japanese and Americans, Germans and Englishmen, showed the unifying force which is at work among those recently divided by bitter feelings. There were representatives of the new women's movements in the East and experts on industrial questions, education, and the great religions of the world. Even in religious matters, though all were Christians, so many different points of view were represented among the delegates that at first it seemed as though they would never reach a common mind on the great questions which confronted them. Yet the outstanding impression of all who attended the conference was one of wonderful unity, and at the end they declared that the secret of this lay "in absorption, not in the fact, of unity, but in the conquest of the world for Christ."

With this aim they outlined far-reaching proposals for the righting of cruel wrongs, and for the development on right lines of social, educational, and religious movements. These proposals constitute a stirring call to the youth of the world, for their accomplishment is a life-long task.¹ The greatest hindrance is the outlook on life, so common to-day, which leaves out God and is guided only by the standards of materialism. Practical as were the suggestions made at the conference it was recognized all through that Christ Himself is the answer to the world's greatest needs. His message of love alone can bring the warring forces of the world into unity. Miss Behrens has shown how this ideal of love and service is at the very heart of the Guide Movement. Have we not a very special share in the task of building "a world in which Christ will not be crucified, but where His Spirit shall reign"?

¹ See, *The World Mission of Christianity*; Messages and Recommendations of the enlarged meeting of the International Missionary Council at Jerusalem, 1928.

PART II



I. ROUND A FIRE

THE following has been put together in no sense as a Camp Fire ceremony, but as an informal introduction to the friends about whom this BOOK FOR ADVENTURERS is written. Hence Brownies and Bluebirds are seen sitting side by side with Guides, which in a true Camp Fire ceremony does not happen. They will be found, too, to be sewing, playing games, making sweets, or engaged in any of the hundred and one little homely things any one of us might be doing round the fire of an evening.

The play is planned to read as well as to act. One Guider might read it to her company, or different Guides could take parts. It is hoped, too, it may have real use as an acted play. Where this is the case those who plan its production are asked to bear in mind the object with which it was written, namely, to try to bring girls of all nations into closer friendship. The characters say very little, therefore they should mean very much. If each one who takes part will make a real preparation by reading and thinking about her particular country, much might be done.

A few suggested book titles will be found on page 71.

IT is dusk. The time of magic and mystery—long looked for, short staying—which lies between the day and deepening night. You and I and all our friends among girls in every country, are sitting together round a fire of singing, sweetly-smelling logs. We are in a tree-filled camping place, or great, dimly-raftered hall—have it as you will.

We have been singing together, songs of many lands. As the sounds die away, the logs fall apart and the flickering light steals across a face here and there; deep shadows hide the others though all are very near.

The flame falls upon a number of Guiders and Guides, Brownies and Bluebirds too, for this is just a round-the-fire time to which all may come. They are Fata from Kashmir, Manubai a Deccan Bluebird, Sabasimi a Santal (Indian aboriginal tribe), Kunti a Bengali Guider, Santi from the Punjab, Ayetimi from Sierra Leone, Kemeë from Nigeria,

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Etsu from Japan, Mabrouka an Egyptian, Lita, a Tamil girl from Ceylon, Nambi from Uganda and Miriyamu, a Brownie from the Teso Country, Upper Nile, Saio Saio from China, Zillah from Palestine, Shireen from Persia, Margaret an English Guide, Susan an English Brownie, and Lerida, a lone Guide from Central Africa.

Kemee (*who during the last part of the singing has been unconsciously swaying backwards and forwards in time with the tune*).—What a huge big party we are! Isn't it fun seeing so many different kinds of us!

Kunti (*looking with quiet, happy eyes round the circle, then back again into the fire*).—Lovely. (*She seems to smile to herself in a satisfied way*.)

Miriyamu (*begins to throw two or three little stones, which she has taken from her pocket, up in the air; then she catches one or more and throws again*).

Manubai (*leaning across*).—Do show me your game—I can't do anything like that. I can't throw a bit, but I'd love to try.

Miriyamu.—Oh, please come over and I will be glad to show you. (*Manubai crosses the circle to where Miriyamu is sitting*.)

Kunti (*eagerly*).—So many things must be new to some of us, like your game, Miriyamu. Could we tell each other the way we do things as Guides in our countries? (*Her suggestion seeming to meet with general approval, she goes on*.) Shall I begin? Well, uniform (*there is a rustle of interest round the company*). We wear dark blue saris which go round our waists and form skirts, then round our shoulders and over our heads. Underneath we have white blouses, with sleeves to the elbow, and on these we sew our shoulder knots and patrol emblems. The badge? Oh, ours are made on a sari pin, and go on the left shoulder. Do you see? (*Laughing shyly she holds up a stick from the fire so that the light falls upon her*.)

Sabasimi.—We wear the same though we are in Bihar. It's regulation Guide uniform for all India. (*She is sitting close to the fire stirring a saucepan of Indian sweetmeat she is making. Santi is supposed to be helping her, but she often stops, and chin propped on hands, gazes into the fire, to the danger of the saucepan, to the rescue of which Lita comes*.)

Manubai.—I've seen the big mill in Bombay where the saris are specially woven.

Fata (*from the other side of the circle where, sitting close to Saio Saio she is watching her embroider a little pair of child's shoes*).—We don't live in "India proper" so we have different clothes—khaki *pherons* (tunics) for Guides, and head veils of our patrol colours. I'm a Golden Oriel, one of the loveliest of our birds, so I wear this yellow one. (*She holds it out from her head proudly.*)

Kemee.—We've bird patrols too. I'm a Canary. Then we've a Sunflower too, with motto "Tidy as you go." I've found out since I became a Guide, that we've got lots of birds in Nigeria who build and nest and have families in all kinds of different ways and places.

Etsu (*looking up from the card game she is sorting, ready to show her little sister, a Brownie, how to play*).—Every one knows about the beautiful flowers in Japan. We keep our love for them, and now in Guides we call our patrols by their names.

Susan (*who is watching the cards too*).—And you wear them on your kimono, don't you? I've got a lovely one for a dressing-gown—all over chrysanthemums.

Etsu (*laughing*).—Oh, no, only tiny girls wear flower kimonos on top. We wear plain stripes or checks—quite dark colours, and the flowery ones only as what you English call petticoats. Some of our girls want to wear western clothes, but I think (*stroking her soft silk knee*) I really like these best.

Saio Saio.—Many of our people wear western clothes too, for all their cry of "China for the Chinese" (*for a moment she drops her work, her thoughts far away, looking into, who can tell, what future, and then speaking very slowly*). "China for the Chinese"—I wonder . . . Any way (*sewing energetically again*) I know I still want Chinese clothes. Don't you think our Guide things, blue cotton coats, long trousers, and stitched hats very like the English camp hats, are very neat?

Etsu.—Yes, I don't suppose they are so difficult to make as our clothes, which we have to take as part of our second class test, and the folding of them too!

Nambi.—I'd rather be me and save my fingers! Our white frocks for Guides we can make quite quickly with a sewing machine.

Mabrouka.—Isn't it fun! We use the machine too in sewing class at school.

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(*Lita and Sabasimi here pass round the plate of finished sweetmeats, which meet with great approval. Sabasimi then sits down and takes up a piece of drawn thread work on linen.*)

Lita (*sitting down again*).—What are your Guide clothes like in West Africa, Ayetimi? I can't see you in the shadow.

Ayetimi.—Oh, we love bright colours, so our uniform is bright blue with orange ties, white on parade.

Zillah.—Grey cotton for us, not blue because it shows the dust so in sandy Palestine, and nice big shady felt hats. We all look very alike in them, but really, you know, we are nearly all from different countries, so many people want to come to Palestine. I think (*slowly*) Palestine was meant to be a kind of "link" place where everybody should be friends.

Santi (*looking up from the fire which she has been gently stirring with a stick*).—I once went to a training week for Guiders and elder patrol leaders. We all sat round together, Hindus and Mohammedans, and Brahmans, and Europeans too. Caste can't live long like that.

Fata.—*Purdah* (rules of enclosure) seems to go on living. It is still very strict with us. We have to come to Guides veiled, then change into uniform when we get to our meeting place. We had a display once and the Scouts came and helped us as a guard of honour, but part of the display was *purdah* so they couldn't be present at that (*laughing*). They were quite disappointed. (*Then sighing*) Oh, dear, I wish there was no such thing as *purdah*, though (*in a low voice to Margaret*) I'd be afraid to go about in Kashmir without a veil as you do in England.

Margaret (*eagerly*).—But Guiding *does* help, doesn't it? We do so want it to.

Kunti.—Oh, yes, it brings such lovely bits of happiness. I wish you could see some splendid Guides not very far from us. They're leper companies—one a healthy company for children whose parents are lepers, but who are untainted themselves. The other—well, many are cripples, but they are so keen and do so many things. At the enrolment there was one very crippled girl. Any who liked might sit down, but she wouldn't, though she can hardly stand any way. She drew herself a little away from the others and propped her arms on the window sill, so she could stand the whole time.

Shireen.—We have many ill in our country, and many girls too. I wish we had more ways of helping them. People

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don't come to Persia very much. But (*her face lighting up*) we've got Guides now. I belong to the very first company started in my part, Kerman. (*Wistfully*) Guides seem to know so much that is interesting and thrilling, and they're happy. I wish every girl could learn too.

(*A murmur goes round the company from many other girls*) "Can't we learn, and we, and we . . . ?"

Manubai (*who loves doing things*).—We'll all come and help you.

Brownies and Bluebirds (*together*).—Yes, I can cook. And I can sew.

Miriyamu.—And I helped to tie up our monkey's tail when it was sore! (*We all laugh.*)

Kemee (*who has got up to stretch her legs and with Lita is pirouetting outside the circle*).—I think it is dancing which is to us the most pleasant thing to do. Is it not good to find out a new rhythm? The English folk dances are very like some old ones of ours, so we dance them both.

Etsu (*rather surprised*).—Don't you do anything else?

Kemee (*laughing*).—The cooking, yes, and all our own compound work at school, and making our own clothes. We are truly busy though we sing as we sew—but dancing is to me one of the most pleasant things to do, and it's that I want to do now.

Lita.—Do let's. I love dancing too. What shall we have?

Kemee.—Do you know "Sellinger's Round"?¹ It's English but it's easy to learn.

African and English Brownies.—We know that.

Margaret (*jumping up*).—I'll help you show everybody.

(*We all get up, and in our vast circle dance "Sellinger's Round," till out of breath, our own humming having been the only music, we sink down on the ground again, laughing and feeling we know each other better than before. The short silence, while we pant happily, is broken by Santi and Nambi, who are talking eagerly together, until*)—

Nambi (*bursting out excitedly*).—Yes, it is. You're quite right—now I see (*then louder*): Santi says being a Guide is just like dancing "Sellinger's Round"!

(*We all laugh at this bombshell, but the atmosphere is expectant.*)

Santi.—Well, you see, when you become a Guide, you've

¹ English Country Dances, compiled by Cecil Sharp. Novello & Co.

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joined a big circle, like in the dance, only ours goes all round the world. In the dance, you don't know everybody else who's in it until you all meet in the middle. That's like getting to know about other Guides and making friends with each other. Then when you are back in your own place in the circle and far away from some of the others, you know you're really still altogether joined by everybody's hands. (*There is a pause,—half pleadingly*).—Do you see?

(*But the pause is one of pleasure and of thought.*)

Margaret (*slowly*).—I see, Santi . . . And we've all got to keep in step in our place or we'll throw all the rest out of time.

Lerida.—You're joined even if you are a lone Guide with no company meetings.

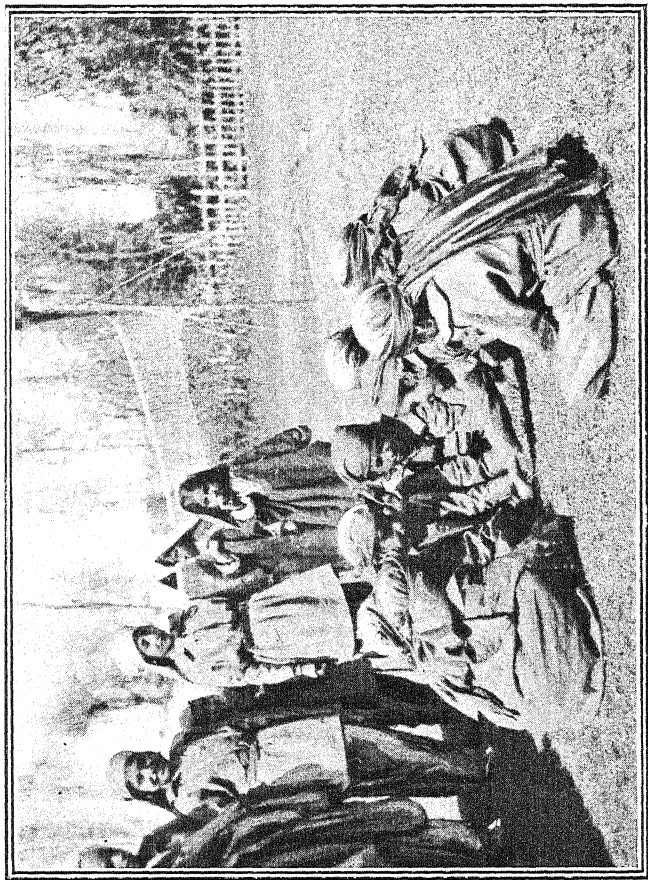
Mabrouka (*rather shyly*).—Do you think that part of keeping in step is trying to make your country the best possible place? You know, our country was a beautiful *old* one, full of tombs and carvings and wonderful things, but at the hospital at Old Cairo they're always telling us Egypt has got to be a beautiful *new* country too. They said our baby was part of it, so Mother takes him to the "Welfare" to keep him *looking* new, and I went to the outdoor ward for a fortnight; it was good. They had pictures from a magic lantern thrown on the whitewashed walls every night—and such stories!

Etsu.—I'm sure that's all part of it, Mabrouka. You know our name for Guides in Japan is *Joshi Hododan*—it means "Young Girls' Helping Society." It sounds funny to you perhaps, but I rather like it that way.

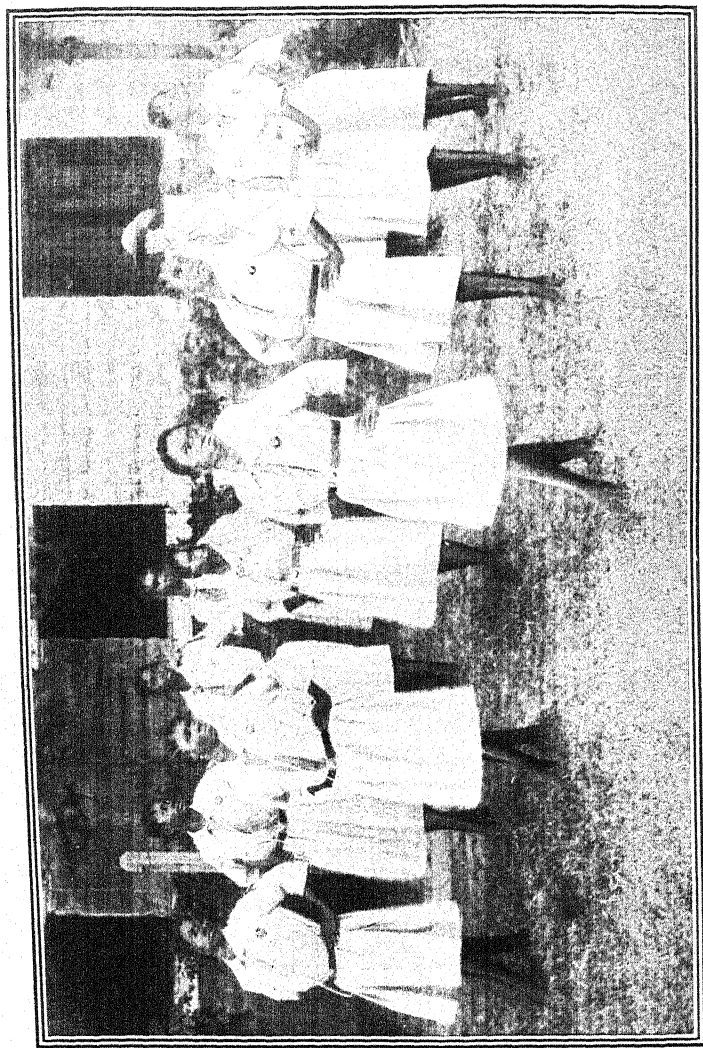
Kunti.—It is a good name—(*ruminatingly*) I expect we have all got plenty we can help with, each in our own country, and in each other's too.

Fata.—There's much to help with in Kashmir. Sometimes it all seems such a big thing to try and do . . . There are so many who don't know how to live in a way that can bring happiness, but (*clasping her hands in sudden reminiscence of some joy*) Guiding helps them too; it shows you just the best things in your country (*dreamily*), what it is *meant* to be . . . I never used to notice all the loveliness of the trees, the hills and the lakes, flowers and birds . . . We've got a wonderful country to try to match.

Saio Saio.—I think I see now what "China for the Chinese"



Playing a Game. Guides of the 1st Srinagar Company, Kashmir



A Patrol of the 2nd Lagos Company, Nigeria, at Drill

ROUND A FIRE

means (*speaking haltingly as she gropes her ideas out*). All our wonderful old China—the laws, and the arts, and the learning, even the buildings—it all went . . . Now we're making a new one, and (*vehemently*) it has just got to be the best (*thinking again*). Not western ideas just because they are western, but only if they are good and true and what China needs. It's all that. . . .

Ayetimi (*who is lying on her front, munching a piece of ginger root*).—Do you know I used to be rather proud of being a Creole (of freed slave ancestry) and hated it if any one called me a native—but—well, I'm glad now I really belong to Africa (*mumbled into the ginger root*)—course I'm a native.

(*The happy silence at this time is broken by a little squeal from one of the Bluebirds who has been sharing Ayetimi's ginger root and found it too hot even for her curry-trained taste!*)

Bluebird (*sorrowfully*).—It doesn't taste a bit like an Indian food.

Kunti (*laughingly*).—Every country must have its own tastes, Little One; (*then shyly*) it's like us, don't you think? We all belong somewhere if it is in our own country or helping in each other's. And there it's truly best to be.

(*Slowly the fire dies down and we each go off where we belong.*)

II. CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE

"All the world's a building."—

Laurence Housman

MOST of us in our heart of hearts have a Dream City, an ideal towards which we look and long whatever our work may be.

In any well-constructed building each part must be firm and strong, filling adequately its own place. All who have a true love of humanity want to see every one a factor in the great whole—a personality "ideal" unto itself, with all powers developed in the right channels, a completely harmonized self; spirit, mind, and body in tune. Surely thus will be built the city of God.

Working side by side with many others are all Guiders in every country. The pictures here collected aim at showing what material lies to their hand among girls in Africa and the East, and how that material is being set in the world-wide building of Love we fain would raise.

Nambi at Home in Uganda

A GROUP of thick-set plantain trees rising up among the Central African hills, and tucked into their midst—a house. In such little, hidden away houses there are many, many girls growing up. The life of such an one, call her Nambi, is not over full. She has lived all her life in this small, round hut, made of reeds and mud, with an overhanging thatched roof. At building times the men get the poles and reeds for the framework, but the women have to carry all the earth and water for mixing the mud, any stones needed, and the grass for thatching the roof. So, if ever her people wanted a new house, Nambi might help to build her own home!

When she was little she viewed life, for the most part, from her mother's back where she was securely tied. But as she grew older she ran about and later, clad in a simple barkcloth garment reaching from her hips to her ankles, or a goat-skin knotted on her shoulder, took her share of the work with the other girls and women.

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE

The eating room of the house and the clearing around must be swept, her broom a bundle of leaves ; the mats must be shaken and the beds made. These, which are in one or two tiny rooms leading out of the chief one, are on wooden frames strung across with leather thongs or twisted plantain fibre. Nambi's father boasts a cotton mattress, though she and her mother only have mats on the bedstead. All use barkcloth or blankets as coverings.

The kitchen is a separate building a little way away from the house, where a few clay cooking-pots or tins bought from the Indians, placed upon some large stones, serve as a stove. There is no chimney, and many of the people suffer from severe eye trouble through constantly being in smoky kitchens. The rooms are dark and very smelly. In a house where the people have had the chance of more education, rough folding chairs are often found (which are taken to church on Sunday), and even coarse calico sheets, and pillows stuffed with grass or home-grown cotton.

Much of Nambi's time is spent in the gardens where all the food is grown. Often, too, the vegetables are peeled there or in the compound around the house, and the parings are left on the ground to rot or for the goats to nibble. But sometimes they are carefully saved and burnt, and the dye obtained from the ashes is boiled with fat, probably from a sheep's tail, to make dark, strong-smelling soap.

Besides all this work Nambi has the water to fetch, and goes off with the pot on her head, a folded banana leaf beneath it making an effective pad. Then there is firewood to find. In her leisure moments she may weave a grass mat, but of toys there are really none.

When she is about fifteen Nambi must marry, not always a happy marriage as we know it, for the affair is arranged for her. And then—she will just do the same jobs all over again but as mother of a family.

Troubles and sorrows, fears and alarms come into Nambi's life, as into that of any other girl. What then? Those she loves are ill, there is no doctor to attend them. If her mother dies, what a fate ! She goes—whither? Maybe she is a spirit, never at rest, wandering in the guise of some animal. And in her fright and sorrow, Nambi has no faith to make her strong and confident, no standard and example of true beauty by which to

A BOOK FOR GUIDE ADVENTURERS

live, only a haunting fear of evil spirits which may at any time entirely dominate her.

From this kind of environment come many of the girls who fill the mission schools up and down Uganda. Naturally gay and laughter-loving, with great gifts of courage and endurance, they are well worth helping. Year by year a steady stream of them go back again to the villages, some as trained teachers or nurses; many to be young wives and mothers. What a different outlook they carry with them now! They have learnt many new things, many new ways of helping their own people; above all many of them have a new and glorious Faith which can entirely change their lives.

Princess and Peasant

IT is nearly 6 a.m. The beginning of the day is heralded by loud ringing of bells in the girls' boarding school at Ndeje. Here is Nambi in a new world indeed. Getting up is not a long process in Uganda and she is soon ready, having swilled a little water over her face and put on a very old frock or tied a cloth around her. Every one goes out to the gardens, for the school grows all its own food, and as the very oldest garments are worn it is impossible to distinguish princess from peasant in this first hour of the day. All are badly dressed and all work with equal cheerfulness.

Perhaps Nambi's job for the day is cutting down the green bananas, digging potatoes, or picking tomatoes or mushrooms to make delicious sauces. There is weeding and planting to do, and, as at home, firewood to collect and water to fetch. Then follow housework, sweeping, bedmaking, or in turn help with the cooking, grinding the coffee, or storing the dry food.

Work over, Nambi joins the others inside the reed enclosure in the courtyard where the girls wash themselves all over every day. They pour a little water on themselves, rub soap all over, and finally rinse with more water. Some have towels, others just stand in the sun until they are dry.

They think the method of washing in a bath or basin a very nasty one. They say we wash in our own dirt! Nambi gets a little bit of the stem of the guava or palm tree, peels it and rubs her teeth with it, then throws it away afterwards—far cleaner than a toothbrush. She is very particular about her nails too,

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE

and to complete her toilet her hair is well combed, washed very frequently, and when it is about half an inch long it is shaved off.

The rest of the day is spent in school uniform—brown frocks with a badge on the pockets, and saxe blue sashes after the native style. White frocks are worn on Sundays.

School work takes up a great part of the day and Nambi loves it all. These people are athirst for education though their definition is not a very clear one. A chief sent his four-year-old daughter to another school with a note to say he wished her to learn "English, the organ, mathematics, and all the Bible" !

Those in charge of the schools have a different conception however, and games, drill, hygiene, and sewing play as large a part as any of the "accomplishments." Basket work and "chat" are the general habit for spare moments as it is too hot at midday to be energetic, though Nambi and others who are keen Guides may practice their knots, learn first aid notes, or do their sewing.

Meals, of which the first is eaten at midday, are quite ceremonial affairs. The food is chiefly vegetables cooked very soft. No knives or forks are used, so a girl goes round with water and pours some over every one's hands both before and after the meal, beginning with the chief person present. At the end of the meal all must thank and praise the cooks !

After a rest-time of sleeping or reading, Nambi is ready, when it is cooler, to play games with great zest. Netball, rounders, twos and threes, or native games. The old games were often connected with evil ceremonies, but at Ndeje school many of the clean games have been collected, and the girls are encouraged to play them and to carry them back to their villages when they go for holidays. Many of the games are of a singing type and the girls dress up in leaves and bark cloths, and, being natural actors, do very vivid little scenes.

The Guides meet during afternoon school, or after 6 p.m., when the evening work in the gardens is done. At eight o'clock comes the second meal of the day and at nine the bugle sounds and all must go to bed. The deep silence of the African night settles over the compound, broken only by the croak of the frogs, the buzzing of mosquitoes or occasionally the distant cry of a hyena.

Dragon Fighting in Kashmir

KASHMIR, north of India, is a very beautiful State of tree-covered mountains, with blue lakes and rivers. Flowers and birds abound but—dragons live there too, four of them, whose names are dirt, disease, depression, and despair.

Srinagar, the capital, though of beautiful buildings is not altogether a beautiful city, for the people at present are not lovers of cleanliness. Even a girl of quite good position will go about in terribly dirty clothes, with a head veil which has quite forgotten it was ever supposed to be white. Disease is rampant. Tuberculosis, typhoid, cholera, and smallpox, together with most horrible sores and burns, caused by the upsetting of the *kangris* (fireboxes which all carry) are every day occurrences, and sometimes they are treated with little concern.

In the midst of all this, many very attractive, naturally affectionate girls grow up. A girl if lucky may go to school for a time, if a Moslem she probably will, but the Hindus are more loath to educate their girls. Even if she does go her school-days will be much interrupted, for very, very young she will either be married or her relations will be doing their best to bring this about.

One of the first Guides, aged about twelve, was ill with phthisis. Her people refused to take her to any hospital, preferring their own "treatment" and "doctors," *i.e.* sherbet, no washing or air, and abundant dirt. After four months they were at last persuaded to take her to hospital, but it was too late and she died a month later.

Is it any wonder with these conditions there is depression and despair? For love of your own children is the same everywhere, and many would use means at their disposal to prevent disease, were they not hindered by superstition and fear. Guiding is proving an effective weapon with which to fight these dragons. Those who are its leaders want to help the Kashmiri girls to be that best thing of all for a girl to be, a good home-maker and mother. Cleanliness is the first thing, though not always interpreted by the girls in their captain's way. As they come up the river in the school boats to their meetings, the Guides may be seen giving their hands a last wash and cleaning their nails with a safety-pin! In uniform they look quite neat, but their captain says still that out of it—what a transformation.

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE

The Child Nurse badge is always taken instead of the Morse code for their second class test, and they are learning to be splendid at ambulance and first aid, every bit of which they can use at home.

When there is a sore throat, not infrequent in smelly Srinagar, the Guide can mix "permanganate" for her father's gargle, and she will wash the cooking-pots in it too. She can make "egg-flips" for those who are ill, and she can do many other things.

It is partly through these Guides of India that we hope the day will come when purdah will be no longer wanted or needed, and girls will be loved and respected, and able to live a full, free life.

Growing Up

A COMPANY of Guides was started in a day school in Egypt. They could not have company colours for they were of five different nationalities. Nearly all were Moslems.

They found the Guide law most perplexing at first for it is so different from much that they have been used to. A Guide "smiles and sings" instead of sulking. An Egyptian way of meeting a difficulty is to turn your face to the wall and howl! To overcome a difficulty is almost impious since everything is "from Allah" and so there is nothing more to be done about it!

The Guides played netball with great zest, went in for matches, and knew the fun of cheering their opponents after being beaten in a good game.

They worked well, through a difficult time too, for their captain was ill and away for some time. The lieutenant, a former Guide in the company, had the entire responsibility for two months, and carried on splendidly.

The Guiders worked too, with the other girls, to get money for a new school omnibus. The different classes showed real initiative and originality in the things they made and sold, the top classes carrying on their transactions without any help from the teachers.

One hot April day, all the companies of the Cairo Division paraded before H.R.H. Princess Mary. All were inspected very carefully and thoroughly. Each company's Guide Room with its patrol corners had already been seen. A signalling

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display followed, then country dancing in which our company took part, and team games. Full of pride the senior Guide, a Moslem member of the company since its beginning, went up to shake hands with Princess Mary.

8th Cairo Company

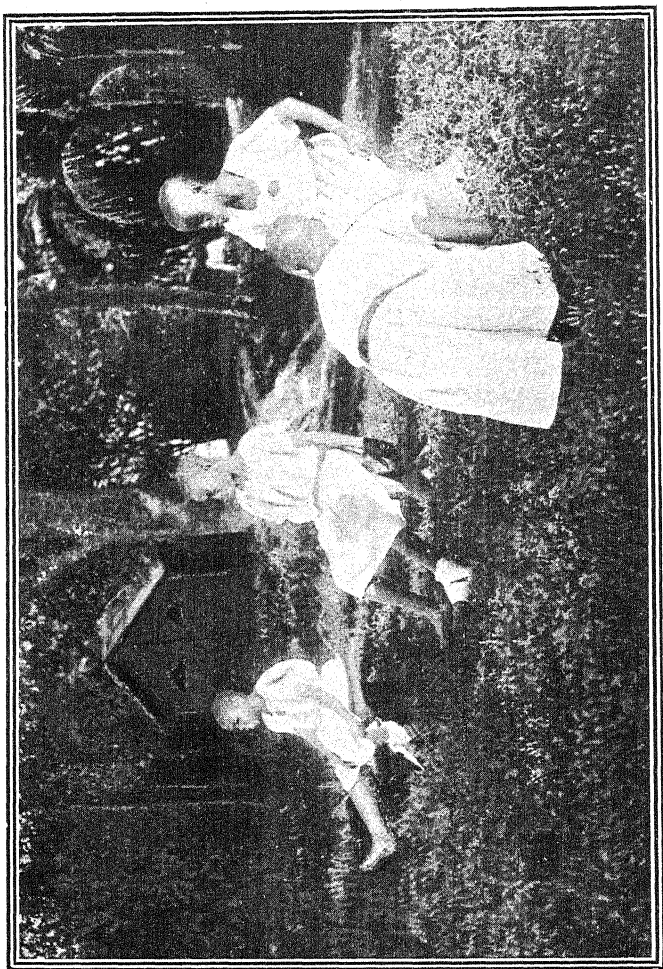
Climbing the Ladder of Guiding

TO picture African Guides of the 1st Toro Company at work for the Tenderfoot and then the much-coveted second class badge is not to put any great strain on the imagination. Above all it is not to lose that glorious sense of the unity in Guiding which is specially prized by those of us who do our Guiding in a far corner away from all the jolly camps, rallies, training weeks, and other joys and inspirations of European Guiding. We live in the country near the Ruwenzori Mountains in Central Africa, and are able to keep the tests unchanged except in the carrying out of a few of them.

Our Tenderfoots learn their first Guide tracking through banana gardens, and they often use most ingenious ways of making the signs. Following tracks is nothing new to them, one often comes across grass tied in a knot, which is evidently a native tracking sign, but we have added our Guide signs too.

Stalking could be really thrilling not to say dangerous—lion, hippo, elephant, buffalo! But although the people of Toro know well the footprints of all these they are most familiar with those of the wild pig, which they stalk because it comes and damages their fields of potatoes.

These Batoro are not particularly interested in nature, and few of them have ever climbed the beautiful Mountains of the Moon from which there is a wonderful view to be seen of the River Congo, the forest of the pygmies, and the great lakes. Through Guiding the girls are beginning to find much joy in what lies around them. Their second class nature test has to be done from observation as there is no book on natural history in Lunyoro, their language, or any other which they understand. I have had a lion chosen as one of the animals for second class Life History, and that from observation too, not at very close range certainly, but *not* in a cage!



Guides of the 1st Toro Company, Uganda, practising first aid



"Sable" Brownies of the 1st Teso Pack, Ng'ora, Uganda

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE

To find our direction by the stars we only use the Pole Star six months in the year, for the other six months it is invisible, but then we have the famous Southern Cross for our guide.

1st Toro Company

A Decision

THERE was a flutter of excitement among the senior girls in an Indian mission school early one hot summer morning. The principal had called two of them to her room; they had been there quite a time and their friends in the compound were wondering what had happened.

At last the two girls appeared from a distant corner of the compound. One was sixteen years of age, and the other seventeen, and both looked rather serious and yet important, for their Miss Sahiba had been talking to them of an opening to train as nurses in a mission hospital. To go to college and to become a teacher would be a creditable adventure; to be trained as a nurse would mean giving themselves to work that was derogatory in the eyes of Indian girls. They were Christian girls and wished to do the right thing, but they were a little afraid of the possibility before them. They had to decide by the following day.

Seeing them coming, the other girls made a rush towards them, and many were the questions asked: "Why did Miss Sahiba want you?" "What are you going to do?" and so on.

When the excitement died down, the two girls wandered off to talk over the matter. They were not much alike either in character or appearance. Santi the elder was a tall, pretty girl, slight and dark, with long wavy hair and a thoughtful face, a trustworthy girl loved by every one. Khushaliya was different; her ancestors were Brahmans—very high-caste people—and she could not forget that she was descended from that very proud race who consider all other people below them. She tried not to look down upon them, for beneath her inborn pride she had a loving heart and desired to serve Christ. The more the girls discussed the question together, the more they felt they must go, for had not Miss Sahiba said how greatly nurses were needed? So the decision was made.

Early one morning they set off on their journey to the distant

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hospital. After travelling a whole day and night they arrived at Multan in the early hours of the following morning. They were sent to rest for a few hours; then after tea they were directed to the storeroom where the Sister (an English nurse-missionary) fitted them out with their probationers' uniform of dresses, aprons, and caps—so different from Guide uniform, or their Punjabi school dress of bright-coloured full trousers, light *kurtas* (short upper garment), and bright *chadar* (long veil draped over head and body)!

Next morning Santi was sent to a large ward where the Moslem women and children patients were nursed, and Khushaliya to the ward in which were the Hindu patients. The first few days their arms ached with polishing and scrubbing, and feet and legs were painful from so much running about. But Sister, who knew how tired nurses get, gave them some sewing to do, and some extra time off duty until they should get more accustomed to the work.

Santi, with her bright sunny nature, loved hospital life from the very first, doing happily all the cleaning that came to her share; and she seemed to know just how to make her patients comfortable. The lectures she found rather difficult; the bones had long names, such as she had never heard before; as to the bandaging, she simply could not remember the different turns, and although Sister showed her again and again, she could not remember how it was done! But she worked hard; every day saw her sitting on the grass with her lecture books, until gradually she mastered the names of the bones, and her bandaging looked more like the diagrams in the book.

Khushaliya enjoyed the lectures but did not take so kindly to the nursing or to the cleaning. When, one day, Sister told her to wash a very dirty and neglected new patient, she refused, saying she had never touched any one so dirty, and never would. The Sister had seen the struggle against dignity which was going on; so she said: "You get plenty of water, soap, and towels ready; I will do it and you shall help me." So together they worked until the once-dirty patient was clean and comfortable in bed, by which time Khushaliya was feeling ashamed that the English Sister was willing to do for one of her people what she had refused to do.

It was a proud day when Khushaliya was put in charge of a ward at night, and Santi went to the operating theatre. They

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had been in hospital eighteen months, and were happy with their patients, especially when they had charge of delightful brown babies. And they loved the fun they had in the dormitories at night; and badminton, skipping, and other games they played when off duty.

There was a time when Khushaliya became unsettled. It was through a wealthy Hindu patient of the same caste as Khushaliya who had been admitted into a private ward. She had beautiful clothes and masses of gold rings and necklaces. The woman saw that Khushaliya was fair to look upon, and thought what a good wife this nurse would make for her son—if only she would go back to her old religion! So she tried to sow seeds of discontent, and succeeded so well that Khushaliya began to long for pretty clothes and gold ornaments. When Sister discovered the cause of the unhappiness she helped Khushaliya to face up to things, and it did not take her long to determine to keep to what she knew to be the right path.

At the end of four years, both girls finished their training and passed their examinations. In due course Santi went to another hospital as staff nurse, and Khushaliya back to her old school as school nurse. Both love their work, and are doing it well.

An Original Second Class Test

FOUR patrols of Indian Guides were gathered in the school compound one afternoon. An intelligence test was afoot. The captain sent two patrols up on to the first veranda of the house. Two patrols were left below, and each had to work with one of the patrols above, so there were two competing parties.

The patrols on the veranda had to get three books from their partner patrol below, before their adversaries did so. They were not allowed to leave the veranda, nor might those above speak to those below. Soon, of course, flags were wagging and they were signalling to each other, and those above dropped little screws of paper to their allies below. There was some rope in the compound, and in a short time the Guides discovered that although it was difficult to throw a rope up twenty-five feet, yet if it was made into a coil it was quite possible.

One pair of patrols was soon shouting exultantly as the

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veranda Guides hauled up their parcel of books. But that was only the beginning. The captain next sent the two patrols from the playground up to the top veranda, just under the roof. The other patrols went down to the compound, taking the books with them, to be retrieved again by those above. At first they were nearly stumped! They could not throw a rope up fifty feet! Some below gained hope when the captain told the story from *The Cloister and the Hearth* of how Margaret and Martin rescued Gerard from the high tower by shooting through his prison window an arrow with a skein of silk tied to the end. One Guide got a bamboo and some string and tried to make a bow. But suddenly there was a shout of triumph from the veranda, and, looking up, those below saw something long and thin descending rapidly towards them. It was a rope of saris! The Guides had taken them off and knotted them together, and as each sari is just a strip of cloth nearly five yards long, it only needed four to do the trick.

21st Calcutta Company

“Sable” Brownies

AN insect crawling on the ground would have seen one day a great forest of brown legs all running in one direction—where to—? A long, low, thatch-covered building—the girls’ boarding school at Ng’ora, in the Teso plain of Central Africa. A great day it was, for a pack of Brownies was to be started and all the girls must come to hear about everything—the big ones to see what was going to happen to the little ones, their “children.” Every one sat in a circle on the floor while the future Brown Owl told the story of the Brownies to these thrilled, “sable” coloured, would-be members of the “Little People” family. Then they all stood up and hooted like the Brown Owl and learnt the rhyme Betty had to say as she looked down into the water. They heard more of all that it means to be true Brownies and of the things they do; knots and needles, and parcels and poetry all have their place. The Teso people have no word for “lend” so they have to say “give a hand” instead. To end with, every one turned round three times and looked into a tub of water and saw—

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well, surely the brownest Brownies there ever were. Then the big circle danced round and round shouting gleefully: "Lah, lah, lah."

1st Teso Pack

Bluebirds in an Indian Garden

WE might see in the compound of Christ Church School, Calcutta, some of the Indian Bluebirds clad in blue overalls at work in their gardens, and by their faces they would surely agree with T. E. Brown: "A garden is a lovesome thing." They always want gardening tools; and presents of seeds, such as cornflowers, sunflowers, nasturtiums, sweet peas, candytuft, marigolds, and asters, are hailed with delight. The children fit in well, too, with the true garden people, the birds, for each patrol is called after an Indian bird, Kingfisher, Sunbird, Tailor, or Weaver Bird—an industrious lot. The Bluebirds want to be like them and have their own dolls' house, for which they make the furniture themselves, and love practising some of the truths about home making which their big sisters are learning.

Calcutta is a huge place, and though the Bluebirds do not go about much they know it very well. They play a wonderful form of "General Post" called the "Tram Game," and learn the geography of Calcutta by its tram routes.

21st Calcutta Flock

III. SKILL AND HANDCRAFT

"She worketh willingly with her hands."—

The Book of Proverbs

THE word "handcraft" takes us back in mind to mediæval days, times when work itself was regarded as an art and men wrought with true love of craftsmanship. But down the ages throughout the world some urge within all men has found expression in works of use and beauty fashioned by their hands. And gradually, imperceptibly, perfecting now this, now that, slowly, fascinatingly, skill in doing just the ordinary things of life has been acquired.

To give a fair picture of the amazingly rich range of crafts of the hand, which are the heritage of the peoples with whom this book deals, would be an undertaking far beyond our scope. Here we can but indicate and suggest, pointing signpost-like at tendencies and differences in gifts of other lands.

Parcels in Africa

EVERY Guide must be able to tie up a parcel neatly, but in Africa every girl—Guide or not—can tie one up, and some of them are very complicated and difficult to do. Of course, as parcels are carried on the head they need not be quite as strong as when they are clutched by the string.

If a Muganda girl wants to tie up, say, a cupful of rice, she gets her curved knife and goes into the banana plantation and tears off a tree some fibrous bark (*byai*), in strips about four inches wide. This is all she needs to tie up her parcel. She cuts three strips of fibre about twelve or sixteen inches long. Two of these she puts on the ground in the form of a cross. The third is rolled into a cylinder about two inches in diameter and tied round with a thin strip of fibre. A small square piece of fibre is put on the centre of the two cross pieces and the cylinder held on top (*Fig. 1*). Into this sort of cup the rice is poured. Another square makes a lid, and then the four arms of the cross are gathered carefully together in one hand over the top of the parcel and tied round firmly with a narrow strip of fibre. This narrow strip is tied first to hold the parcel



FIG. 2

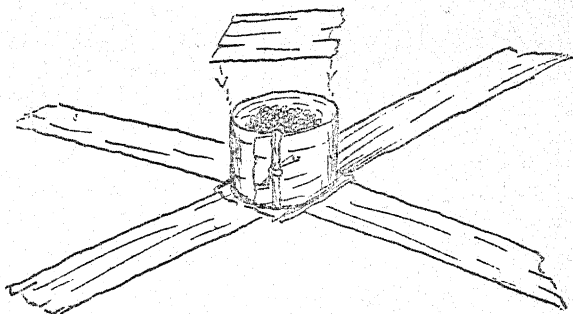


FIG. 1

No. 1



FIG. 4

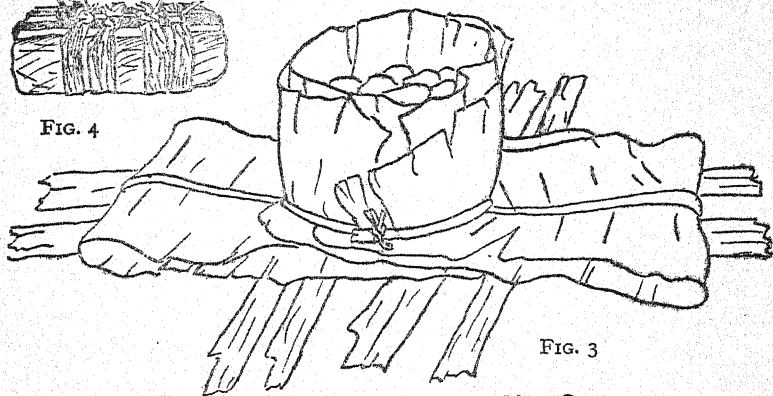


FIG. 3

No. 2



FIG. 6

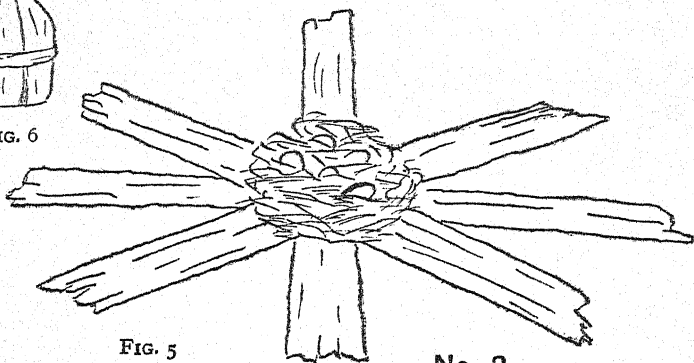


FIG. 5

No. 3



FIG. 8

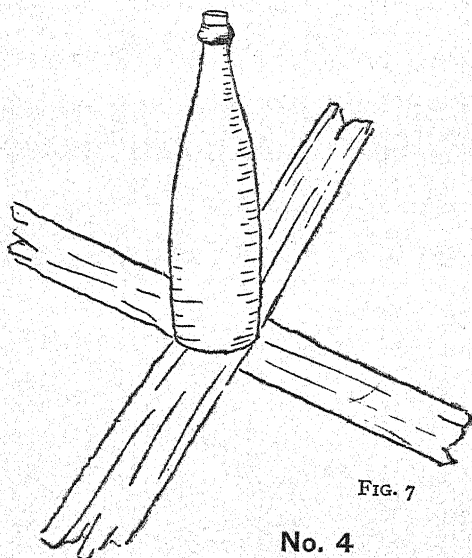


FIG. 7

No. 4

SKILL AND HANDCRAFT

together, and then again to make a nice little loop to carry it by. Another narrow strip is tied round the middle lower down to make all sure. The untidy ends of fibre must be cut off to make a neat parcel (Fig. 2).

In Uganda we don't have many bags and baskets, but we can make parcels of our potatoes. Some large plantain leaves, of which some are over two yards long and eighteen inches wide, must be cut, and some plantain fibre. The size of the leaves will depend upon the amount of potatoes one wants to tie up. Two pieces of fibre are put lengthways on the ground and several shorter pieces crossways, then about two leaves folded on the fibre. After that a leaf is doubled down the midrib and made into a cylinder. This is secured with fibre and put on to the leaves, and the potatoes are put inside. Then the leaves are folded neatly over the top of the parcel and the bands of byai tied (Figs. 3 and 4).

To pack up eggs the plantain fibre is cut into four strips. These are put criss-cross on the ground. Then some dry grass is arranged to make a nice round nest for the eggs. When these are placed some more grass is put on and around them. To finish, the ends of the fibre are gathered firmly together on top and tied round with a piece of fibre to hold them, and to make a loop for carrying the parcel. All untidy ends are cut off and the eggs are ready to carry (Figs. 5 and 6).

A bottle can be tied up very nicely in fibre, beginning with the criss-cross pieces. The bottle is put in the middle, the ends are arranged lengthways up the bottle and tied round in several places with narrow fibre. A loop is made to carry the bottle. A bottle is only tied up if one has a bundle to carry on one's head and so has to take the bottle in the hand, otherwise it would be carried on the head (Figs. 7 and 8).

No. 1 may be done by the Guides using strips of strong brown paper about three inches wide as fibre, and narrow strips of cloth or pieces of string for the narrower pieces of fibre for tying purposes. The fibre is more flexible than brown paper and so can be used for tying knots.

Very durable brown paper cut into the shape of leaves, and strips of calico for fibre might be used for No. 2.

For No. 3, strips of brown paper may be used for the plantain fibre, and some narrow strips of cloth to tie round the top.

No. 4, again, Guides might try this with brown paper and strips of cloth.

Capt., 1st Gayaza Company

A "Wide-spreading" Tree

THE many things which the Shanar people of South India do with and make from the palmyra palm tree is, perhaps, one of the most interesting examples of using that which lies to hand. The palm is of very hard wood, a long straight stem supports a clump of leaves and flowers at the top. The nuts are used for food, the sap for drink, and the big thick leaves to make many useful things. Of the nuts the inside pulp is used as it is for food, or the fibre is pressed out and the remainder, dried in the sun, serves as flour.

The seeds are allowed to sprout, then they are ground into powder or cut into slices for food. Again the shells make excellent sweet-smelling fuel for the fire.

When the trees are about fifteen years old they are ready to be tapped to get the sap from the soft, juicy flower stems. Clad in leather breastplates to protect them from the jagged bark, and with their feet tied together with fibre, the men and boys swarm up the long trunks. They carry a sharp, heavy sickle, and some wooden pincers. The stumpy stalks of fallen leaves and fruit have to be pruned and the young flower buds pierced to let out the sap. Small earthenware pots are then tied beneath the flowers to catch the juice as it falls. The syrup, boiled by the women, makes brown crystals of sugar called *jaggery*, and this can be refined in a factory to ordinary white sugar.

The people say that the tree was sent from heaven as its uses are so many. The leaves are used instead of paper, using a stylus (metal pen); the fibre cords and one leaf twisted cleverly round make a strong waterproof bucket or basket. They are also used for thatching. The wood is strong and is used for oxen yokes and building of all kinds.

Ingenuity

WORK with the fingers is a natural outlet for the people of West Africa. From bygone ages wonderful metal, leather, pottery, and basket work, and weaving have been done, and in many parts these crafts still survive. The workmanship is on a broader, less finished, basis than that of the Orientals, differing much in intricacy of design and execution; seeming to

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express the one an old civilization, the other a vigorous progressive race, still in the "growing" period.

With the coming of western clothes, western ways of making these are welcomed and very quickly mastered. Sewing machines can be found in many a quite primitive West African home, and the grannies now are kin to hosts of other grannies down the ages, for they are learning to knit. Great tales can be told of the wonderful ingenuity of the women and girls. If they have not got a thing, they will make it out of something else.

In the Yoruba Country of Nigeria the coming of an English teacher on tour was hailed with joy. "It was splendid to find," she writes, "how keen their leader was to learn some simple sewing and crochet to teach the girls. She wanted to learn to knit, but I had no needles; however, I used two ribs from an umbrella to teach her on, and while I was there, her husband cut fourteen pairs of bamboo needles for the girls to learn to use."

The people have taken to sewing with great appetite too, and Manchester prints are made into simple frocks with fervent zeal. In one place in the Benin Country the sewing class is, during the English teacher's absence, being carried on by a fourteen-year-old girl, the winner of a prize for the best piece of plain sewing in all Nigeria. Her friend, too, carried off a prize for the cleanest exhibit—a consideration well worth laying stress upon. It is wonderful, surely, that something worthy of the adjective "clean" can be produced from an African hut where the worker lives side by side with chickens and goats, attended always by innumerable insects, and with no chest of drawers in which to keep anything!

A Central African Meal

ALL food in Uganda is home grown and is largely made up of *matoke* (green bananas or plantains). These, together with various other root and green vegetables, are grown in the village gardens by the women and girls, whose chief work is the preparation of food. For this ceremony the girl first washes her hands, then fetches the plantains, the peeling of which, so that nothing is wasted, is a real art. She then drops them into a basket in which she has arranged the leaves, and the strips of fibre from the banana tree with which the food is tied up. Her large

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iron pot, like an English clothes boiler, she fixes on three stones, and puts water and pieces of the stem of plantains at the bottom to prevent the food from burning. The food is tied up in the leaves and put into the pot. Then the girl covers the bundle with leaves, tucking them all in carefully until the pot is full to the top. When it is time she lights her fire underneath the pot and does not leave it again until the food is cooked.

Chopped up nuts, onions, mushrooms, tomatoes, and some sort of native spinach, all go to the making of various delectable sauces into which little balls of matoke are dipped at the time of eating. All these are cooked together, each separate thing in a little pocket of leaves, with other leaves wrapped about it and covering it all so that it steams for hours until soft and eatable. Another kind of sauce is made of fried vegetables or monkey nuts ground into curry, mixed with water and boiled for a long time. The sauces are most delicious and a cook who knows her job will prepare several different kinds for one meal.

When the matoke is cooked, the top leaves are taken off and the food is kneaded with the hands to soften it while it is still in the pot. Then the whole bundle is lifted out by the "tie-up" and put in a basket and kneaded again to the consistency of mashed potatoes. It is then re-tied in the leaves. To eat the meal every one sits in a circle on the ground round the basket of matoke the size of a large wash basin. A girl then comes round with a calabash or gourd of water which is poured over the family's hands in order of precedence. The server unwraps the leaves off the top of the basket, making a table cloth of them, and with a masterly twist turns the parcel of food out on to the middle of the leaves, unwraps it, all steaming hot, and discloses a golden mass of matoke, which she divides into portions for everybody, covering up the rest afterwards.

The sauces, called by different Luganda names, are on separate little plates of twisted leaves (or nowadays often real ones), and the little balls of matoke are dipped in with the fingers. The meal is eaten in complete silence and the people all have beautiful manners, are very quiet, and eat daintily with one hand like a lady nibbling cake, but manage to consume several pounds of matoke apiece. At the close of a meal all politely congratulate the cooks, then once more every one's hands are washed. The remaining food is repacked, fragments and leaves

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are picked up, and the cooks stroll gracefully away to the kitchen with the baskets balanced on their heads! No washing up, no fuss!

“Come to Tea”

MUCH of the intercourse and friendliness of life centres, all the world over, round the ceremonial of a meal. Without in anyway assuming the outlook of a gourmet, it is well to regard cooking as an art.

Thinking thus, Girl Guide cooking tests fall into line. They aim at helping the production of the best “useful dishes” in whatever country the Guide is taking her test.

“We do not learn to make Irish stew and apple puddings in India,” writes a Guider, “but concentrate on such things as rice and curry, *chapattis* (a delightful kind of bread, flat as a pancake), and Indian dishes of all kinds which are *tickert* (hot) to the taste.”

The *insides* of the brass cooking pots also receive great attention, for like the English Guide who cleaned the outside of her saucepan beautifully, then put the potatoes on to boil without any water, some Indian girls are apt to forget that a shining exterior to your pot does not necessarily argue a meal tasting as it was supposed to do.

The true hospitality and courteous service of the East were charmingly shown by a Guide who during the firelighting test, had lit her fire, made tea, and invited the whole company to drink it by the time the rest had finished their manœuvres!

A Service Stunt

THIS stunt was carried out by the 1st Bulemezi (Uganda) when the company was a few months' old. The whole thing was worked out by the Guides themselves without any help from the Guider. It could be reproduced at an open-air display or in camp. Our Guides did it partly outside and partly inside the school.

It would be necessary to arrange a field like an African village. Beehive-shaped huts could easily be contrived from branches of trees and reeds, and the inside should be strewn with grass. Cooking pots and water pots should be placed near

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the houses, and if a goat were tethered near a house and a few chickens could be induced to walk around it would add to the effectiveness of the scene. Guides dressed as Baganda men might sit about outside the huts, and some might dress as women and be seen carrying a bundle of firewood on the head or a pot of water, perhaps one with a baby tied on her back, and there might be children playing with five stones (just as they do in England).

One patrol, accompanied by a cadet, is sent off to lay a trail, and the others remain to be reminded of the tracking signs by a cadet or patrol leader. After giving the layers of the trail ten minutes start the tracking party set out. The trail leads through the village. While some of the Guides are searching for signs a woman comes slowly along carrying a bundle of bananas on her head. (Anything could be wrapped up in large leaves and tied with string covered with bits of brown paper to resemble *byai*, plantain fibre.) The woman is walking very wearily and a small child is clutching at her cloth. Suddenly the woman falls down in a faint. The child cries: "My mother is dead, my mother is dead. *Wowe! Wowe!* (pronounced woe-way) What shall I do?" The Guides run up to help; one comforts the child, others render first aid to the woman. When she has recovered a little they ask her questions, feel her pulse and skin, and find that she has high fever. She is lifted carefully by some of the Guides and taken to the mission hospital, while another Guide follows with the child.

The remaining Guides return to the trail and get on a bit farther, when they hear the native alarm. This is made by crying "Ooooo!" and clapping the hand upon the mouth. The Guides run to a hut from which the alarm is coming and find an old man beating his wife.

Cadet.—Stop, stop, I beseech you, leave off beating her.

Man.—What! May I not do as I like with my own? Did I not buy her from her father for ten shillings and two barkcloths and a goat and ten pots of beer. Is she not mine? May I not do as I like with my own property?

Cadet.—For what reason are you beating her?

Woman.—He beats me every day because I can no longer see to cook his food.

Cadet.—Have you ever been to see the doctor at the mission

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hospital? He has very much wisdom. Perhaps he could cure your eyes.

Woman (*in a tone of disgust*).—They shut up a long, long time ago. Who can help an old woman like me? Wowe! Wowe! (*Sitting on the floor with arms across on shoulders and rocking to and fro.*) I'm dead. My children are married and gone very far off. They will not give me a child to help me to get firewood or water from the well, or to help with the digging and cooking.

Man (*with triumph*).—Well, you see she is no good to me now. Why did I throw my money away on a woman who was to get old so quickly? She is a very lazy person and I shall go on beating her every day to make her work. (*Goes on beating her.*)

Guides.—Sebo (sir), stop! Stop, we beseech you! Leave off beating her.

Cadet.—If we promise to help her to do her work every day, will you stop beating her?

Man (*laughing with contempt*).—You are lying to me. You will not help her. Who ever heard of a Muganda girl helping an old woman who is not a relation!

Cadet.—But, sebo, we are Girl Guides. See our uniform and our badge. When we became Guides we promised to help other people at all times.

Man.—It is easy to promise, but few keep their promises.

Cadet.—When a Guide promises she always does what she says she will do. Which Guides will help this woman?

One Guide.—I will fetch her water from the well every morning.

Another.—And I will go for water every evening.

Another.—I will prepare her food for cooking before I go to school.

Another.—I will sweep her hut and her courtyard.

Cadet.—Perhaps others will take it in turns to help with the gardening.

Several Volunteers.—We will.

Cadet.—And I should like two of you to fetch the woman to-morrow to take her to the hospital to see the doctor.

Woman.—My eyes shut up ever so long ago, and who can help an old woman like me? I'm dead.

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Cadet.—The doctor has wonderful wisdom. We will see what he can do. And now let us get to work at once to help.

(Some go for water, others to look for firewood. Two sit on the ground and peel bananas or potatoes, which are tied up in leaves and placed in a cooking pot. Others sweep the courtyard and tidy the hut, people in the village look on and make exclamations of amazement to see the Guides so willing to help other people.)

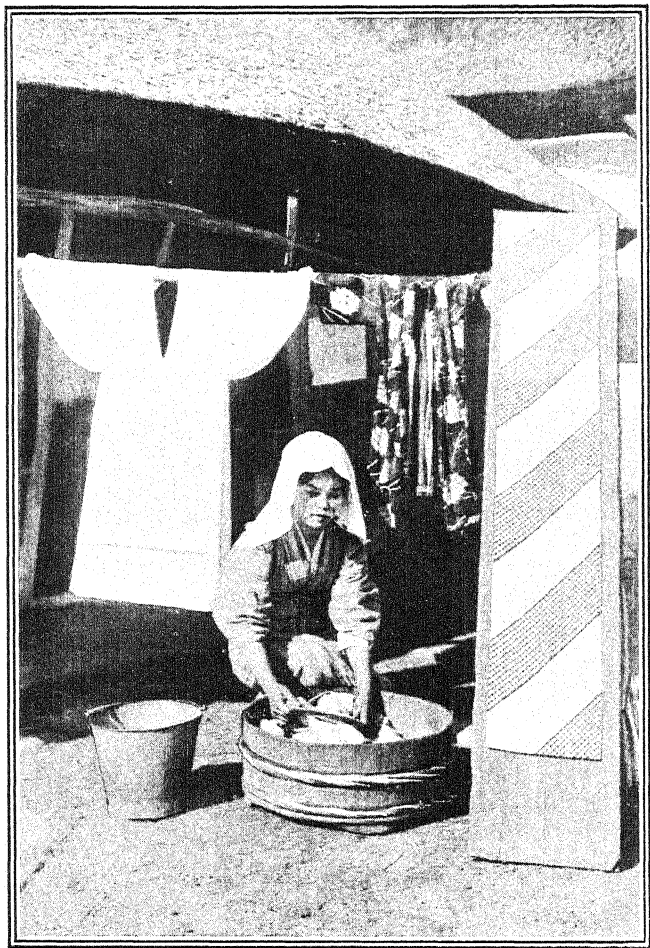
(In the midst of the work a scream is heard from a hut farther on in the village, the alarm is sounded, and a drum beaten. The Cadet whistles for her Guides to rally and they all run off to see what is the matter, with the exception of one or two who remain to help the old couple. Smoke is seen coming out of the roof of a hut. One Guide crawls in and rescues a child, others seize sticks and branches of trees to beat out the fire.)

N.B.—Fires in Uganda are beaten out in the villages, as there is usually very little water available to throw on the fire.

The Guides render first aid to the rescued child who is unconscious from the fumes of smoke and is also burnt, and then she is carefully wrapped up and taken off to hospital by some of the Guides, while others put out the fire.

The stunt might end here, but we took our audience back into the school which had been turned into a hospital by some of the Guides not in the other scenes. One Guide was a woman doctor, and others acted as nurses. Bottles of various coloured water, carefully labelled, were placed on shelves made of forms placed one on top of the other. Beds were made up on the floor, blackboard and easel draped with a cloth to resemble a screen. The Guides took temperatures and pulses, and charted them. In this scene there is any amount of scope for displaying nursing knowledge. In another part of the schoolroom we showed an outpatients' scene, the old woman brought in by Guides to have her eyes attended to, and many other patients. Our Guides made this scene screamingly funny with the description of their various ailments, but you would need a missionary from Uganda to tell all the queer things which the Baganda think they have the matter with them.

1st Bulemezi Company



Laundry Work in Japan

This girl has to unpick her kimono; when washed stretch the strips on the board instead of ironing; and then sew her kimono together again



1st Barharwa Company, India, acting "A Guide is
a Friend to Animals"

IV. SERVICE

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—

John Milton

SOME, speaking of work in other lands, lament that those among whom they live have so little opportunity of service for others, because of their limited environment. But could we only see, is there really lack of opportunity if the desire is there? Who can tell what chances lie hid within the realm of sympathy and thought.

We hear of a group of girls in a West African town who support a village teacher; of others in Uganda going out to teach games in the outlying villages; of Tamil Guides who "gloried" in doing all the washing up at a party. The list, if written in its fulness, would take many pages to tell. These collected pictures are intended to show something of how chances have been sought, eagerly taken, carefully thought out. They show too the motive and the spirit of joy, without which no service can ever attain perfection.

The Story of an Anna

ONCE when I was on furlough I went to speak to a number of children in the north of England and told them about the children in India among whom I am working. After the service a small group of rosy-cheeked little girls came to me and their leader shyly offered me one anna. I exclaimed at their having an Indian penny and asked how they got it, but could get no answer. Then I asked them what they wanted me to do with it, and again they seemed tongue-tied. So I suggested giving it to a poor little Indian girl, and that met with their approval. They also found their tongues to tell me that they were Dr. Barnardo's girls.

I brought the anna carefully back to India and wondered how to dispose of it most advantageously.

The Guides might help with such a problem. So I told my Company something about Dr. Barnardo, and what he had done for poor children, and then I added the story of the anna and showed it to them. They were very much interested and, after

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some discussion, decided that it was a pity to give away only one anna. How could they multiply it? At last they decided to spend that precious anna on four glass bangles which they sold "for the good of the cause" for one anna each. With the four annas they bought more bangles and sold these at a profit until they had enough money to buy crochet cotton. Then they got orders for lace which they made and sold until they had made Rs. 5 (*i.e.* 80 annas). It had taken about eighteen months to accomplish this in the truly leisurely fashion of the East, so we decided that the time had come to dispose of the money. But to whom? We wrote first to the Remand Home where children taken off the streets under the recent Children's Act are kept for a time on probation. The superintendent said that she did not wish to favour any one child, but if we liked she would give all the children (sixteen or so) a special tea with the money. The Guides thought they wanted to give a little more permanent and needed help than that, so after further inquiries we heard of two little boys (Christians) who were motherless and whose father was blind. The children often were starving and had no proper clothes. So in the end the Guides provided these two with a complete suit of clothes each out of the Rs. 5. We often wished the little Dr. Barnardo girl knew what became of her anna.

6th Bombay Company

Big Sister and Little Sister

THIS is a story of two Guide Companies in Osaka, the biggest industrial city in Japan. The 1st Osaka Company is made up of girls from the College, and the 2nd Osaka of girls from the Bishop Poole Memorial School.

Varying circumstances brought it about that there were only seven Guides in the College Company, whereas the school one numbered sixty? An impossible crowd to manage single-handed thought the captain, who ran both companies. Would big sister help little sister? Would the 1st Osaka come to the aid of the 2nd Osaka, now grown so much more bulky than her elder sister? The school and college girls do not usually have much to do with one another, and the captain knew there would be all kinds of little prejudices and bits of shyness to be got over. But, nothing daunted, at the college Guides next

meeting she explained the situation to them and frankly asked their help. After a little hesitation, for they naturally wished to know what the project involved, they all agreed to do what they could.

So now the "big sisters," who are all second class Guides and have their Cooking and Foreign Needlework badges too, are all hard at work with the "little sisters." Five of them have charge of a patrol each, and already several of the younger company have passed their second class test. The captain says they just love to hear about Guides of other countries. We hear, too, of school sports, of a guide play in Japanese. Evidently these companies together mean to do great things.

1st and 2nd Osaka Companies

"Grass Help"

DURING Holy Week one year we, the 1st Bulemezi, Uganda, felt that we could not have the usual meeting so, as we were thinking especially at that time of all that our Lord did for us, we decided to try as a company to do something for some one else. The Guides took council together and thought of a poor old woman whose house had collapsed owing to the ravages of white ants. She had begun to build another hut and had got the framework erected, but alas! funds came to an end and she could not pay men to bring her grass for thatching.

On Easter Eve we got into company formation and marched off in great style to a place about a mile from the school, where we could get grass. For an hour we worked hard cutting down the long grass and tying it into bundles. When we had got as much as we could carry we formed into a long line and marched to the woman's house. When we arrived at the old woman's temporary lodging she was overwhelmed at the sight of so much grass coming towards her, and it took us some time to explain to her what we had come to do.

Another time, when cutting down elephant grass to get fresh ground for planting our cotton, we came upon a large, very neglected grave. It must have been there for many years. The whole of it was overgrown with long grass and all the stones which had originally been arranged on the top were out of place. It happened to be a Guide day, so we decided to spend most of our meeting time in tidying the grave. We removed all the

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long grass, and carefully banked the stones on the top of the grave, and it is now always kept as a very tidy spot in the midst of our cotton patch.

1st Bulemezji Company

Fire in India

MARCH 18 will always be a memorable day for the 3rd Meerut Company. Often and often we had heard about other Guides having opportunities for special service, but it did not seem that such opportunities would come our way, for we live in a boarding school. However, on the day I have mentioned, quite suddenly our chance came.

It was rest time in the middle of the day and usually we are all inside our rooms, but as we had one girl very ill, the other patrol leader and myself had just paid her a visit to see if we could help at all. As we stood for a moment talking to our principal we saw high flames coming from a house in a little hamlet near our school. Quick as lightning the thought came : "Guides, Be Prepared," and at once we asked permission to sound the whistle. In record time the shrill whistle was sounding and the Guides jumped from their beds in amazement.

My fellow patrol leader and myself quickly gave orders to get all buckets possible and follow on outside. By this time the bullocks had been brought out to draw water from a well near, but as villagers do not possess buckets it would have been difficult for them to have got the water on the fire. So here we were, about twenty-two of us paired off with buckets bringing water from the well ; we then passed them quickly to men who threw the water on to the flames.

The wife of the *gwala* (cowherd) whose house was afire could do nothing but cry and wring her hands. She thought of her clothes and jewels and said to one of us : "Oh, you go inside and bring out the box, the fire will not burn you." Then we discovered that it had been brought out already. Fortunately the cows were outside, grazing, so they were not hurt. The shed was absolutely destroyed, but I am glad to say that the actual dwelling house was saved.

All the villagers were very much surprised to see us helping in the way we did. When we saw that the fire was really out and that our help was no longer needed, the whistle was blown and the Guides formed up, saluted, and ran home talking and

excited. When we got back to school all the younger children were waiting for us and some of them said : "When you were out working we were praying for you."

Indian Patrol Leader, 3rd Meerut Company

Jerusalem to Nazareth

THE Guides of the 5th Jerusalem Company, seeking for what they could do, have "adopted" an orphan Moslem child in the C.M.S. home at Nazareth. In camp they sat round making her a set of clothes, determined to get them finished before the week was out.

And the child away up in the Galilean hills? What fun to have a whole company of Guides looking after you, sending you parcels of clothes and letters, too. Friends and relations indeed! So as once help came to Jerusalem from Nazareth, now help goes to Nazareth from Jerusalem.

Another "adoption" is that of the Rangers who together provide the school fees for a child who would otherwise get no education. What well-laid schemes, careful planning, and skilful managing must go on, that the child may walk with his little bag of books into the crowded classroom.

At Christmas time the prisoners in the Jerusalem prison learnt of these same Rangers, for a varied collection of fruits and sweets descended upon them. One wonders what some of their thoughts were as they ate their oranges.

5th Jerusalem Company

Looking Forward

OUTSIDE a big Chinese city, Foochow, along the shore of a wide river estuary, stands a group of high white buildings. In and out among these houses, surrounded by tall shady trees, move two hundred girls, dressed in blue tunics and long cotton trousers. Some are going off to the well-fitted kitchen where every girl helps all day once a week; others are cutting out on big tables indoors, hard at work in the tailoring class, where they learn to make men's clothes as well as their own.

Things which usually are done in a jumbled way by the light of nature, are here regarded with a far-seeing, scientific eye. The elder girls can all draw a ground plan to scale, survey the

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ground, and design their own buildings. Or in the afternoon they may march off, bucket laden, to some part of the school buildings to have a lesson in the art of whitewashing! The gentler crafts, however, are not neglected. All these girls can embroider beautifully and the Guides have made their own emblems, each a little work of art in itself. Lettering, illuminating, and a comprehensive study of drawing intrigue many, quite apart from all the usual subjects and games of a full school curriculum. Each big girl is responsible for a smaller one, sleeps with her, helps her take care of her clothes, and even bobs or shingles her hair!

The long holidays which come in the summer (there are only two terms a year) are well shared with others by these girls. Some go off and open little schools in the outlying villages for a few weeks; others, left at school for one reason or another, get together and make clothes for Eskimo. All the term, too, steady service goes on. The bigger Christian girls among themselves look after six Sunday schools for the poorer heathen children in the town. At Christmas, always spent at school, they have a big tree for them, while Lent tells a story of money joyfully saved from little food luxuries to help Jewish children; though religious teaching, in accordance with the regulations of the Nationalist Government, must be entirely voluntary.

And all the time outside the school seethes the great unrest of China. Foochow itself was a stronghold of extremists, and those in authority at the school lived for a time in constant anxiety about attacks.

But these girls are looking forward, and under their splendid Chinese head mistress are building for the new China they hope will be.

A Place of Quiet

AWAY in a West African girls' school, St. Monica's, Onitsha, a full life goes on, games and Guiding, cooking and housework, as well as lessons in all kinds of things, from folk-dancing to arithmetic. A full life indeed, but one which finds a place for all things that go to the building up of a rich personality. Some of the girls come from homes where the witch-doctor and the fear of evil spirits still dominate a simple-minded people.

SERVICE

For a long time the need of a school chapel had been felt. One was planned for the far distant future when there was enough money, but what could be done in the meantime? Then some one had a brilliant idea. There was a mud building which had been used in the early days of the school as dormitories for the girls; now it served as a store room. Why not put it to a fresh use? So the partitions between the rooms were knocked down, leaving the outside walls standing. These had been kept well rubbed and were in good condition. Then every day, after school hours, one might have seen two long lines of girls with their teachers, all passing large pans of mud from one to the other. When enough mud had been collected to make the platform, choir seats, and seats in the chapel, the girls went to and fro to the stream bringing up pots of water on their heads. Then two labourers trod the mud and built up seats and a platform and cut out spaces for windows. When the mud was built up, parties of girls rubbed it every day until it was quite firm and hard and shone like a mirror. Then came pictures—a series of Harold Copping's Bible subjects pasted on stiff brown paper backgrounds and pinned all round the walls. Then a green frontal and cover for the harmonium, and there was one of the most beautiful temporary mud chapels that could be found.

It still has to be kept beautiful, however, and parties of girls go a-rubbing and a-polishing and a-dusting every day of the week,

V. HEALTH AND HEALTH KNOWLEDGE

"My body, which my dungeon is,
And yet my parks and palaces."—

R. L. Stevenson

WHICH is it to be? For centuries past the body has too often been turned into a dungeon, used in just the wrong way—through ignorance.

To-day, there is the knowledge to help us to live with ever increasing or never decreasing good health—if only all the world may share it.

The following incidents try to show how great is this need, how far from "parks and palaces" many still are, yet what trees and towers of possibility are rising up everywhere.

Two Plague-stricken Villages

ONE spring several rats died in Ganieki, a little village in the Punjab, India, about thirty miles from Lahore. To the uninitiated this might seem a cause rather of rejoicing than of sadness, but the inhabitants knew that they were plague-infected rats. The village was a compact collection of mud houses, inhabited by about 750 people, mostly Hindus. Days passed by; several people became ill, and, after a few days, sad little processions were to be seen wending their way to the burying ground. It was suggested that the government inoculator should be summoned, but the head men of the village would not hear of this. The serum might have some connexion with the smallpox vaccine that was made from the sacred cow. The gods would be very angry with them if they used it. Besides, if it was written in their fate that they were to die they would die, and if not, they would live; so why take preventive measures?

The patients lay in their dark, ill-ventilated rooms, receiving but scant attention, while rats continued to scamper about and spread the infection wherever they went. To the Hindu, life is sacred, so no one dare kill these carriers of disease. The gods would certainly be angry with any one who ventured.

HEALTH AND HEALTH KNOWLEDGE

The clothes and bedding of those who did not recover were kept, and thankfully used by the survivors. The weather was unusually cold and wet, and the sufferers were poor, so the people could not afford to destroy anything that would keep them warm during the cold nights.

The weary days and weeks dragged on, almost each day having its victims. Over 200 died. Those who remained tried to comfort the mourners, but they had no comfort to offer. All they could hope was that the women and girls who had died might have acquired sufficient merit in this life to be born boys in their next incarnation, while the men who died might be born into a higher caste. At the back of their minds there was the hideous fear that those who had not performed sufficient acts of merit might be born again as animals, or even vermin; but of this they did not speak.

The plague came to nearly all the surrounding villages, including Clarkabad, less than two miles distant, a large village with a population of 1700. This is a Christian settlement, with only a handful of non-Christian inhabitants. Here there were far fewer rats than in Ganieki, for a monthly distribution of poison was made to every house in the village.

The moment it became apparent that plague had come, a telegram was sent for the government inoculator. The Indian manager of the village formed a committee, which at once made arrangements for a segregation camp, and to this the patients were taken. Each patient was accompanied by a member of his or her family, who was instructed as to the nursing required. A band of voluntary Indian workers was formed, and these men and women took turns in spending the night at the camp, to see that the doctor's instructions were carried out, and soup, milk, and medicine administered at the proper times.

The whole village was ordered out into the fields. In an incredibly short space of time huts made of pampas grass or cotton sticks arose in hundreds, forming little encampments here and there within a radius of about a mile from the village. An army of willing workers, under the direction of the Indian doctor and a woman missionary, then went round the deserted houses, sprayed the walls and floors with disinfectant, and put poison in the rat holes.

There was a convalescent camp, and those of the patients who recovered were given a disinfectant bath; their huts,

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bedding, and clothing were burnt ; they were given new clothes, and taken to this camp. Villagers who owned cows or buffaloes gave milk free for the patients, and a collection was made in the village for the expenses of the segregation camp and for providing material to make new clothes for those who recovered.

The Guides of the 1st Clarkabad Company were very anxious to help, and longed to join the band of nursing volunteers. However, they easily understood that though the most thrilling, this would not be the most practical way of helping, as they would run the risk of bringing the infection into their boarding school ; to prevent which the boarders had been kept from having any intercourse with the village since the beginning of the outbreak.

So the schoolgirls and the Guides among them set to work to make new clothes for those who recovered. A big lamp was hung in the middle of the play room and every one sat round on the floor evening by evening and sewed hard. Sometimes they took in the drum and sang in Punjabi as they worked. Day by day the pile of finished garments in the cupboard grew larger and larger, ready for the day when the doctor should pronounce one and another ready to have a disinfectant bath, put on new clothes, leave the segregation camp, and go to that for convalescents.

The schoolgirls still longed to help and wished they could do something for those who were mourning. Then some far-seeing person thought of Easter cards. The girls got some pretty coloured ones, decorated them with flowers and leaves (typifying life) made of coloured tissue paper, and wrote words in Urdu or Punjabi.

On Easter Day the captain and the Tawny Owl (an Indian teacher) took them round to the camps, and the people loved getting them.

It was a sad time. Altogether there were about sixty cases, of which almost half proved fatal. About ten of these were from among the handful of non-Christians in the village who refused to go to the segregation camp and would not carry out any of the doctor's orders : so that not more than about twenty Christians out of this large village were among those who died.

1st Clarkabad Company

Playing Dolls

IN a big room in the school at Kabarole, Western Uganda, the girls have a chance of "playing dolls" in earnest. The walls are hung with attractive pictures of babies and children and weird-looking, but to the initiated thrilling, physiology charts. Important apparatus, bandages, bottles, and bowls lie on the tables. It is called the Mothercraft and Hygiene Room.

From its fastnesses descend upon the assembled school every morning in turn, the seven girls of the probationer's class. They are clad in smart uniform, a shadow of coming events, for they hope one day to be nurses. They search with keen eyes and pick out every unwashed child, any one with dirty hands or face, or with jiggers in her feet, and lead them off. In the enclosed grassy courtyard they see to their washing from head to foot and to the removal of the horrid little jiggers which crawl along under the skin and cause sores unless removed at once. The children love being washed with English soap, and some people say that this regime encourages dirtiness!

After the "sooty" ones, as they are called in the Lunyoro language, have been cleansed, the "nurses" go round to every class and choose out those with ulcers, cuts, or sores, take them off to the dispensary and put on simple dressings.

These would-be nurses will go on later to the Maternity Training Centre where they can get a government certificate equal to the English C.M.B. There are many such girls now helping the women, sometimes away out in far villages where such a girl alone may be the only Christian.

Often she is the only midwife for a very large district, and has a big welfare centre to look after, where the women literally flock in for ante-natal treatment or to bring their babies to be weighed and generally prescribed for.

Through these centres dotted up and down the Protectorate hundreds of mothers and babies of Uganda are turning the corner into the lane which leads to happiness and health.

Developing in Japan

THIRTY years ago a little girl in Japan, sitting all a bitter winter's morning over her lessons, was so frozen by the end that she had to be carried to another room. But she might not move before. She was the child of a strict old *samurai*

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(knightly) family in which life was a stern discipline which often helped to keep the child mortality rate high.

To-day this little girl's "sisters" in Japan are Guides at a school where games have their place every bit as much as work. They go off for a day by the seashore, where they all swim and dive like so many fishes, and are learning life-saving too. This same company is keen on country dancing and drill, and the Guides are working hard for their Child Nurse badge, so necessary in this country still.

A Japanese paper calls an account of a Guide Rally in Tokyo "an afternoon well spent," and remarks chiefly on the excellent first aid work. "The girls came out in record time, a demonstration of the necessary art of treating injured limbs on the scene of an accident." Meanwhile, the Scouts supplied music.

In the same paper, immediately below, appears an advertisement of a school of modern dancing, where it says "pupils are developed to perfection." A quaint phrase—but it is what these girls wish to become. They want the beauty of healthy bodies and minds as well as of lovely surroundings.

Camping in Uganda

WHEN European Guides go into camp they take with them bell tents and patrol tents, and a thousand and one things that Guides in Uganda never need.

When we went to camp two Guiders went in a small car, two others on the lorry which carried all our goods, but the thirty Guides rose up while it was yet night and started to walk the eighteen miles to our camp at Bukyama. We passed them on the road, nearly there. Our host was the chief of the place, an old man, but one of the best. He treated us all the time in most generous and princely style. His daughter is patrol leader of the Grey Herons.

Owing to various dangers from beasts and so on, we could not very well sleep in tents, but two officers and two patrols lived in the quarters occupied by the District Commissioner when he is there, and the rest of us about five minutes' walk away in the house of the big chief, Kangawo. It was a house with mud walls and a thatched roof—open spaces where doors and windows should be, but the chief's men quickly lashed

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canes together into strong shutters which they fastened up at night over the openings. All the floors were strewn deep in lovely fresh-smelling grass, and we soon had our camp furniture or sleeping mats unpacked and fitted up and our rooms all comfortable. It was a nice big place and housed two patrols. All round these houses was the lovely clean compound, surrounded by a strong fence of canes and woven in cunning patterns, higher than a tall man, a gate to close at night, and a gorgeous log fire which never really went out, so we could get hot water at any time.

We had breakfast and tea in the little house, but the mid-day and evening meals we ate in the *gombolola* or court house, where the chiefs conducted business and saw justice done. We all ate matoke there together. Each patrol took it in turn to be cooks for the day, a solemn and strenuous business.

The day started for the girls somewhere about 5 a.m., when the water patrol went off with buckets on their heads to the only well left by the continued drought, about two and a half miles away. The morning after we arrived, when they started off for this lengthy trek, it was raining in streams, the heavy tropical rain which beats through all defences. Two Guiders went with them to see how far and whereabouts the precious water lay. The whole procession were quickly wet through, but like true Guides kept merry and sang cheerfully all the way there and back.

This duty over and the patrols all in uniform, we gathered round the flagstaff, which we had put up, two nice poles lashed together and planted firmly by the chief's men, and our own hal-yards and flag. It took some days to get the Colour Party quite perfect in the ceremony of fetching, hoisting, and breaking the colours, but they did it very well by the time we went away. Then came prayers and an address by the chaplain in Luganda, and we afterwards went away to think it over in silence in our different temporary homes, meeting later for company drill, physical jerks, or flag-wagging.

Each morning the three patrols worked away at various guide subjects, while the cooking patrol cooked. The King of Uganda, called the *Kabaka*, has sent his little daughter to Ndeje girls' school. Like a true native of her country, princess though she is, she tackles joyfully the tasks of her fellow-countrywomen, who dig and cook as their chief duties. Princess

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Lwantale goes out to dig each morning with the other girls of the school and has her own flourishing cotton patch, and having accompanied us into camp, she chose to throw in her lot most days with the cooking patrol, and after parade got into her khaki frock and disappeared into the kitchen. Meanwhile each officer took first one patrol and then another in some special subject, Morse signalling, hygiene, ambulance, or lectures on nature study.

After rest, each afternoon we had some games or something of a Guide-like nature. Once a gallant effort was made, when the cool of the day had come, to do a mile at Scouts' pace correctly, and the patrols were only two seconds out—not very heated! Country dancing on the nice grass in the compound opposite the gombolola caused great joy. There were varieties of netball (without the goals); one evening this became a sort of Rugby netball, and was most exciting. Great crowds had gathered to watch us, and they cheered and exclaimed and were fearfully thrilled, while the chief sat in state looking on also. We felt the utmost gratitude to him for all his kindness. Not only did he give us supplies of matoke for the whole time, but he presented us with a live sheep, a live goat, and three hens, bananas—a huge bunch, eggs, curry, and even tea, milk, and sugar. Also he gave Princess Lwantale a goat. On the day the Grey Herons were cooking, his daughter Maliza killed one of her own goats and cooked it beautifully for us with the other food.

During the hot time of the afternoon the girls did some sewing in the gombolola and one day acted the legend of St. George for us. They dressed themselves up, and we had hard work not to smile at an Emperor Diocletian in cartridge belt, with soldiers who had rifles of cane from which they fired volleys, and who marched, led by St. George calling: "Left, right, left, right," like the soldiers of the King's African Rifles the girls had seen at Bombo.

One evening they gave us a show in the court house of their own native games, like acted stories. The way they dressed themselves up with leaves and grasses was wonderful. A native band, like that of the Kabaka, accompanied it all with choruses and handclapping and weird sounds like the falling of rain and sleepy birds singing softly together, all very sweet and plaintive, just like the native music on flutes and harps, but they did it with leaves pressed to their mouths.

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On the last day we had some sports in the afternoon and at the Camp Fire the Guiders gave a show, a sort of shadow pantomime business, behind a big curtain with a powerful light.

We broke our journey home at the district chief's place at Bowa, seven miles from our home at Ndeje. Here we were received with such hospitality as made one gasp. Meanwhile our girls had arrived and were resting in a big grass-strewn hall where they were given matoke, meat, and tea to their hearts' content. Our own band belonging to the Boys' Central School had most sportingly marched out the seven miles to meet us, and they rested and were fed in another hall.

At about 4 p.m., when the worst heat was over, we gathered the boys and girls together and fell in, and after grateful farewells, started to march home, headed by the band. There was one roadside halt, but darkness comes so fast on here we could not delay for more than a few minutes. At first the heat seemed awful, but it got nice and cool as the shadows fell, and we marched up the hill to Ndeje in great style to be welcomed by boys who came out with lanterns to light the last part of the journey. No one fell out until we did so for good at the end of the journey, outside the bungalow in the compound of Ndeje.

And so ended our Guide camp with every one saying "*Weraba*," which is "Good-bye," and so say I to you.

1st Bulemezi Company

The Great Banyan Tree

THE joys of a day in the country come seldom to Indian girls in Calcutta. For the girls of a Christian school this may be once a year. So it was a wonderful day to the Guides of the 21st Calcutta Company when they found themselves in the glorious open space of the Botanical Gardens for a whole day. Palms of various kinds, and many other giant trees strange to European eyes, give welcome shade from the sun's burning rays; but of them all the most fascinating is the strange great banyan tree, which has thrown down root after root from its spreading branches until its circumference has grown to be 900 feet. It has formed a circle with the parent trunk in the centre and the branches radiating from it and hundreds of smaller trunks like props supporting the branches. These

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are able to spread out so much farther than the branches of other trees in consequence. It is a perfect labyrinth and an ideal setting for a Guide game.

When the sun was getting low the captain came and pinned eight pieces of paper on eight trunks near the centre of the tree's circle. Then two patrols formed a cordon round the tree and the other two patrols strove to get past to the centre to find the eight words and to carry them safely back "home," where by putting their heads together they would be able to discover the clue for the finding of hidden treasure.

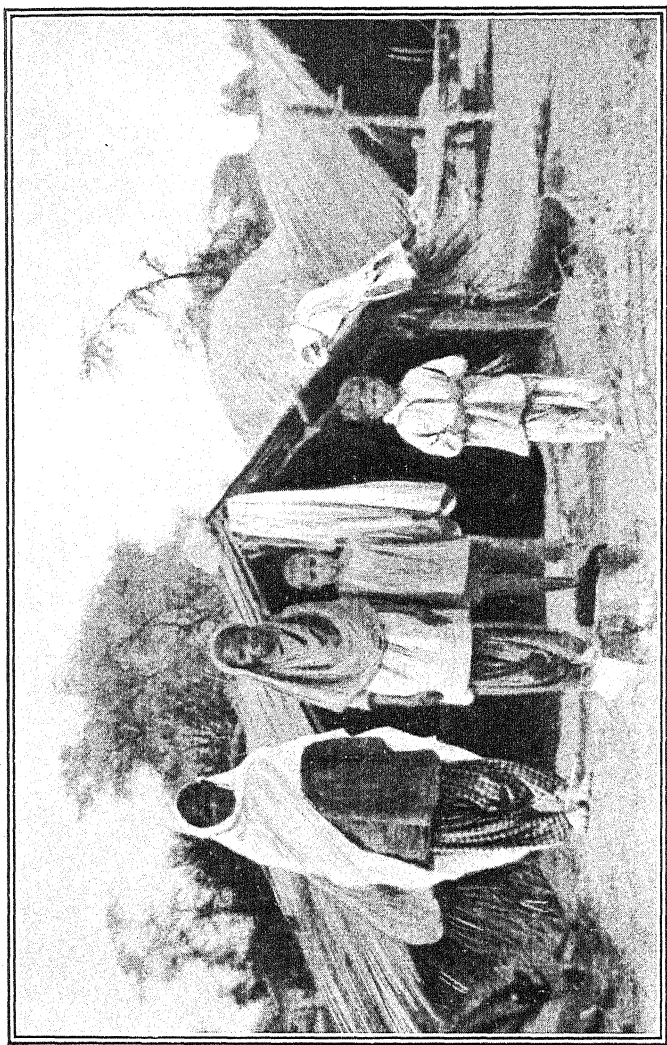
The captain's whistle was blown; the game began, the excitement was intense. One, two, three, four got past to the centre and out again. Two were "caught." The rest all got away with the precious papers. But then the defending patrols gave obstinate chase. Neither would the invaders give in. But the strength of the besieging party literally would not hold out. The captain saw one fall exhausted and to her dismay found her condition serious. Just at that moment another cry came from one who had sprained her ankle. The water supply and home base were far distant, so there was an opportunity for the other Guides to show their readiness to help and to put their knowledge of first aid into practice. But again the spirit was beyond the body's strength and the effort proved too much for the helpers, and they too joined the ranks of the wounded!

It was a crestfallen captain who had to take home five Guides in a prostrate condition. She had been made to realize that she was in India, not England; that these Indian Guides would need much training before their bodies would be fit for the same strenuous play as girls can indulge in who have an opportunity every day of running freely in big open spaces and who live in an invigorating climate.

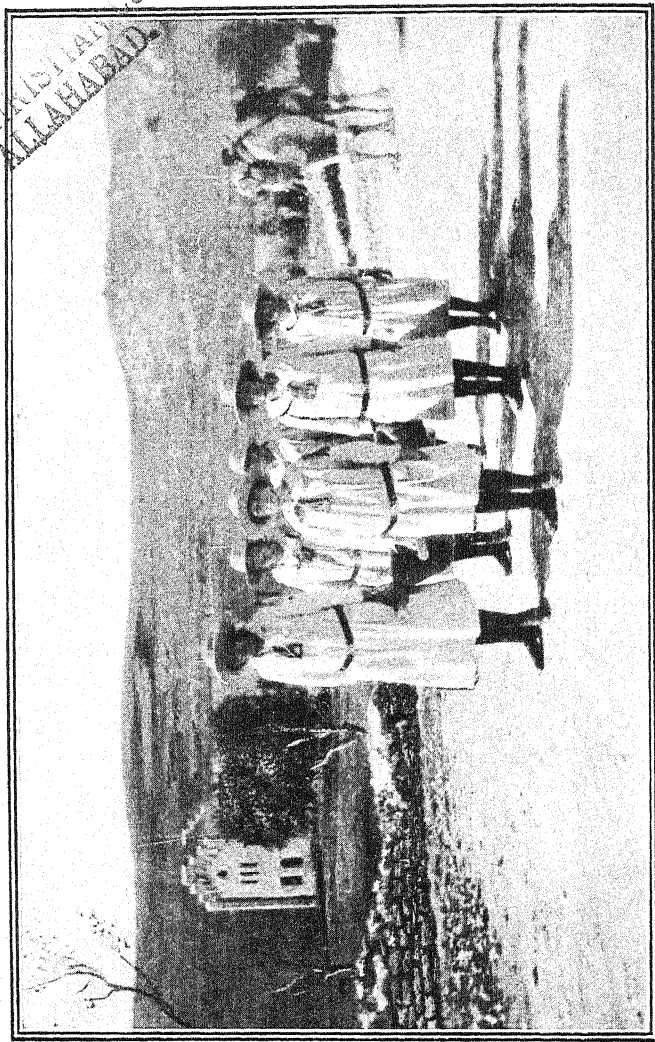
The "wounded" soon recovered; no real harm was done. The captain was comforted by the realization that these girls were going the right way about overcoming the obstacles which prevented the development of their strength.

Note.—The banyan tree is one of the sacred trees of India. It is also known as the bo tree. Buddha received his enlightenment when sitting under a bo tree. Bo trees are shown to-day in Ceylon that are supposed to have grown from cuttings brought from India from that original sacred tree.

21st Calcutta Company



Convalescents after the Plague, Clarkabad, India



Guides of the 1st Bethlehem Company after taking a girl to the Hospital seen
in the background

White " Magic " or Witch Doctor

AWAY among the mountains in the heart of Central Africa a child, playing alone, is badly mauled by a chimpanzee. What will happen? Twenty to thirty miles off there is a mission hospital. Tales of some one's wife cured of dysentery, of bones set, of painful teeth removed, have spread, maybe, to this village. So the child is hoisted on her father's back, the mother takes provisions, and the little cavalcade sets out.

The child arrives in hospital in such a state that the nurses wonder if it is worth while to put on dressings. She is torn from head to foot. But they do—and wonder of wonders, the child quickly responds to treatment and in a few weeks' time is back again in her own village!

But what of her fate if, as many are, she had been two or three hundred miles from a hospital? She would probably have lain on a heap of doubtful-looking grass in a dark, smelly little hut; poultices of clay, mixed with some vegetable juice or cow dung by order of the witch doctor, might be applied, or even worse remedies. But inevitably, in a few days, for want of a few simple dressings put on immediately, the child would have been dead.

There is, however, a third, far too rare, picture. Some girl in the village has been down to the mission school many miles away. Perhaps she is a Guide. Anyway she has been trained in common sense and simple nursing. She will quickly apply dressings, will cleanse the wounds with iodine, and see that the child is quiet, the hut clean, and, if only there are some Christians to support her, the witch doctor kept out of the way.

And So To Bed

THE "life history" of a bed, its making, airing, washing, and "general deportment," is an essential part of what text-books call "home hygiene"; it is a point upon which the Guide Movement speaks loudly and clearly.

African Guides may seem to have the easiest time, for they often have only mats and blankets to shake, no sheets to tuck in or mattresses to turn. But in Central Africa the girls often have to make their own bedsteads, weaving plaited leather

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thongs or twisted plantain fibre across a wooden frame. Pillows, too, are becoming more common, and then the cotton with which they are stuffed is probably grown by the girls and even, in some parts, the pillow case is hand woven. Coarse calico sheets, too, are being more and more used.

West African girls make their own bedsteads of mud, or rather red clay moulded into shape while wet, and when dry polished daily until it shines brightly.

In parts of India the *charpoy*, or small bedstead of string woven across a frame raised about six inches from the ground, is used. Now these are often made by the girls and boys at school. In other districts the bed is merely a pile of mats, rolled up in the day, and at night put down anywhere they are wanted. The second class Bed Making test becomes one about the way of keeping a bed clean and the advantages of sleeping on a cot rather than on the floor! For "going to bed" as such is still, in the less modernized parts, an unstudied matter. You just, when sleepy, lie down in your clothes. This is the habit too, in Africa, and one of the first things a boarding school matron has to deal with. The girls may look snugly tucked up in bed—but slip back the clothes and you may find many complete in their beautiful school uniform!

In Japan, on the contrary, going to bed has always been as particular a performance as anything in this ceremonious country. The mattress and bed clothes are thick padded quilts on the floor, and your pillow a wood or china stand which fits into the back of the neck and prevents the hair getting untidy—very necessary if it is elaborately dressed once a week! In the old days there was even a special position in which to lie. No girl of a *samurai* (knightly) family might stretch out her arms and legs in bed, though a boy might sprawl in a special position peculiar to the samurai. In the morning the quilts are hung out to air, then carefully folded away into a cupboard. They have to be repicked and put into clean cases once a year. Of course, more western beds are used in many places.

Besides normal bed making and care, Japanese girls have to take the folding, correctly and quickly, of Japanese clothes, as part of their second class Guide test.

PART III

I. GAMES

1. "*Khar, khar-i-to*" (*Persia*)
2. *The Camel Driver and His Daughter* (*Egypt*)
3. *Towel Game* (*Japan*)
4. *The Serpent* (*Kenya*)
5. "*Tiger, Tiger*" (*China*)
6. *The Mask Game* (*Japan*)
7. "*Sher Aur Bakri*" (*Tiger and Goat*) (*India*)
8. *Hospital Family Coach* (*West Africa*)

"Khar, khar-i-to"

TWO sides sit down in the shade about ten yards away from each other with captains in the middle and play a game called "How many beans?" One captain will cry out to his side: "*Mard-i-man*," that is "O my man," and they answer: "*Lab, lab-i-to* (My lip to your lip)." Then the captain asks: "How many beans?" and the others will guess at the number of beans which the two captains have thought of. If they guess too low, the captain will say, "Up, up"; but if too high the answer comes: "Lower, Lower." The other side have heard all this, so that now that their turn to guess has come, they get nearer; and then the first side has another turn, and so on, until at last one side gets the number right and the captain cries out: "*Khar, khar-i-to* (Yours are the donkeys)." They jump up, run over to the losing side, and get a ride on their backs back to their own side again.

Persia

The Camel Driver and his Daughter

PLAYERS form a semicircle, all joining hands. The two who are facing each other at the extremes of the semicircle address each other as follows:—

Arab Chief.—O Sir, O Camel Driver.

Camel Driver.—Yes, my lord.

Arab Chief.—Your camels, where are they?

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Camel Driver.—At Kantara.

Arab Chief.—What do they feed on?

Camel Driver.—A handful of maize.

Arab Chief.—What do they drink?

Camel Driver.—Two drops of dew.

Arab Chief.—And have you a daughter?

Camel Driver.—Yes, my lord.

Arab Chief.—Pray what is her name?

Camel Driver.—Her name is

In the blank insert the name of the player immediately next to the speaker, upon which signal the Arab Chief leads the way, all the others following with linked hands, through an arch made by the raised linked hands of the Camel Driver and the player immediately next, whose name has just been sung, while *all* sing the following :—

Let us sing, let us dance
Like a tee-to-tum
. . . 's face comes from the mu-se-um.

When all the players have gone through the arch, the Camel Driver follows, and the player whose name was sung is left standing with her arms crossed, and with her *back* to the inner side of the semicircle. The whole conversation is then repeated, this time the name of the *next* player to the first one named being inserted in the song. The walking through the arch is also repeated, and so on *ad lib* until every player has in turn been named as daughter and only the Camel Driver and Arab Chief are left unreversed.

Egypt

Towel Game

ALL present divide into two parties and sit on their feet, facing each other. Each side has a Japanese towel, made of soft, printed calico, about two feet long and one foot wide. At a given signal the girl at the end of each row takes up the towel that is lying in front of her, ties it round her neck with a single knot, claps her hands, unties it and passes it on to the next, who does the same, and so on all down the row. The side that gets to the end and back first wins the round. If any one forgets to clap between the tying and untying she

has to do it over again. (An ordinary scarf could be used instead of the towel mentioned here.)

Japan

The Serpent

THE players form two lines with the two players at the end holding up their hands to form an arch as in "Oranges and Lemons." These two sing: "A Serpent, a Serpent," while the others chant "Ah — Ah — Ah" as they pass. They go on like this till the last child in the line comes. They catch her and say: "The serpent has entered the house and is sleeping!" They ask her who she wants, and she stands behind the girl she has chosen. When all the serpents have been caught they have a tug of war.

Kenya

"Tiger, Tiger"

THE players form a ring with one in the middle as "tiger." She has to try to break through the ring and escape, while the others must try to stop her. The one who lets her through has to run after her and catch her. If the tiger manages to get back to the other's gap in the ring first, she stays there and the other player is "tiger," but if she is caught she has to be tiger again.

China

Mask Game

FIVE or six people sit in a row, all having sheets of white paper over their faces, fastened on by tape or string tied to the edge of the paper. Then with a writing brush and Indian ink each paints on the paper her own eyes and eyelashes, nose and mouth. The portraits are much enjoyed by the onlookers—and by the artists themselves when taken off for examination!

Japan

"Sher Aur Bakri" (Tiger and Goat)

ALL but two players form a circle holding hands. One of the two left out is called "tiger" and the other "goat." The tiger tries to touch the goat with her hand. To begin,

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the tiger stands outside the circle, and the goat within. The players forming the circle try to protect the goat. When the tiger gets inside the circle the goat may step out under the arms, and if the tiger gets out, the goat may return. The other players let the goat pass freely, but try to prevent the tiger by moving their arms up or down. If the goat is touched she becomes tiger, and the tiger chooses another player to become goat.

Instead of holding hands, the players sometimes stand with the arms raised sideways level with the shoulders, and turn to let the goat out, but bring their arms in the way of the tiger.

India

A Hospital "Family Coach"

THE players each represent one of the characters as shown below. *When the person or object she represents is mentioned the player must stand up and turn round once. If she fails to do so she is out, or loses a life, and after three such losses is out. On the word "Iyi Enu" (pronounced E E Ay Noo) all change places. The number of characters can be increased or diminished according to the number of players by having one or more plates or mosquitoes, etc., or omitting any of these, or by a player taking two parts.*

Characters.—Doctor Tube, Sister Bottle, Bessie, house girls, boy nurses, girl nurses, cups and saucers, plates and dishes, cupboard, buckets, bell, ants (black and white), sandflies, scorpions, snakes, mosquitoes, bees, boy and girl patients, men and women patients, and labourers.

PHEW! How hot it is! But what a lovely country.

Here we are in West Africa, the land of very hot sun and beautiful palm trees, and also of creepy-crawlies.

Sister Bottle is a Sister at the mission hospital at Iyi Enu. She has not long come from England to help Dr. Tube at Iyi Enu. Sister Bottle loves all the little black girls and the men and women too who come to the hospital for medicine and dressings, and sometimes stay, but she does not like the snakes and the scorpions, ants, sandflies, mosquitoes, and all the other insects.

It is so funny to see the boys and girls carrying loads and buckets on their heads; also to see the house girls with cups and saucers, plates and dishes, like this.

Sister Bottle looks down at her arms and sees the sandflies and mosquitoes have bitten her. Bessie the cook comes calling Sister Bottle to look, the black ants are all in the sugar; quickly Sister Bottle goes to see and "Ew-o-o-o-o-" there are some wee brown ones too all over the bread and meat. What is one to do in Iyi Enu? If you go into the compound you sometimes stand near a nest of black ants which run up your legs and bite you; sometimes you nearly tread on a snake or scorpion. You must always watch carefully for these; then at nights lots of insects, small and large, fly around you, and nasty mosquitoes and sandflies keep biting.

In the morning at Iyi Enu, clang, clang, goes the bell at 4.45 a.m. Nurses and house girls get up, take their buckets and go to the spring to get water; afterwards they return and sweep their compounds. Six o'clock—the bell rings to call them to work; the boy and girl nurses report to Sister Bottle on her veranda; the labourers come running to Dr. Tube's veranda and she tells them the work for the day. Boy and girl nurses now go to their wards, begin to sweep, and then wash the very sick patients and serve medicines.

Sister Bottle goes to the dressing room and dispensary to prepare it for a busy morning with men and women, and boy and girl out-patients.

At 7 o'clock the bell rings, and boy and girl nurses go to breakfast, also the labourers, Sister Bottle, and Dr. Tube. Seventy-three the bell rings again; boy and girl nurses and labourers return to work. Dr. Tube goes through the wards to see *all* patients; on she goes to the waiting hall to see if there are any very sick boy or girl out-patients. As there are none very sick, Dr. Tube goes to see how the labourers are getting on with their work. Sister Bottle goes to the dressing room to see the boy nurses dressing the wounds; afterwards she goes to the dispensary to make up medicines. Clang, clang, goes the bell for prayers, which calls the men and women, boy and girl patients who can walk, boy and girl nurses, the house girls, and labourers to prayers. After, Doctor sees the men and women, boy and girl patients, and Sister Bottle with one of the boy nurses gives them their medicines.

At 10 o'clock, as Doctor and Sister have been working very hard it is now time to have a cup of tea and a biscuit; Sister looks to see if Bessie is coming with the cups and saucers and

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tea. Bessie is nowhere in sight, so Sister sends one of the nurses to fetch Bessie. Soon Bessie comes without the cups and saucers and tea. Bessie says : "Oh, Sister, the bees are in the cupboard and will not agree to let me get the cups and saucers for tea." "Don't be a silly girl, the bees would not be like that," says Sister. Bessie runs away and soon comes back with the tea but not Sister Bottle's cups and saucers but those of Doctor Tube.

After Doctor and Sister have finished their tea they continue to give the men and women, and boy and girl patients their medicines ; Bessie takes the tray with the cups and saucers back to the Doctor's house.

The big bell of Iyi Enu Hospital speaks again at 12 o'clock ; the boy and girl nurses have finished their morning's work, and as it is Saturday the labourers go home. As soon as all the sick men and women, boys and girls have been seen and gone to their homes, Doctor and Sister go to their houses. When Sister Bottle gets near to her house : "Oh, dear ! What is it ? It isn't the buzzing mosquito or the sandfly, no, it is the bees that Bessie had told about." When Sister Bottle looked in at her house, she saw swarms of black bees, and as she went to open the cupboard out came the bees. She ran outside to call for Bessie and the house girls, the boy nurses, and the girl nurses. They came and took buckets of water, opened the cupboard carefully, took out the cups and saucers, plates and dishes, which were black with bees, and put them quickly into the buckets to drown ; then the nurses and house girls took cloths and beat down the other bees, calling to Sister Bottle to stop outside ; and the nurses and house girls swept them up into a heap and burnt them in the house. Sister Bottle was glad that none of her cups and saucers, plates and dishes were broken ; she thanked the house girls and nurses for killing the bees and went to tell Doctor Tube about it.

That night when she went to bed and crept under her mosquito net she could hear the mosquitoes buzzing and a few bees. Oh, what a country of creepy-crawlies ; she could not think which were the worst, the white ants who ate your clothes, the black ants who ate your sugar, food, *and* you, or the mosquitoes, snakes, and scorpions who stung you and made you ill.

But for all that she would not leave this country for anything, where she can be such a help to everybody.

II. SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THIS BOOK AT COMPANY AND PACK MEETINGS

THESE suggestions will be few as most Guiders are brimful of ideas and ways of adapting all they know to their Guides' and Brownies' needs. It may, however, be of interest to know some ways in which this material could be of help.

Section I. This could be used by a Guider in any number of ways as the background for a talk, or better still a series of talks on world-wide Guiding. More especially it may give her some knowledge which she will be so keen about that she will just have to pass it on to her Guides somehow.

Section II. These stories and incidents can be used :—

(a) As Camp Fire yarns.

(b) As introductions to, or illustrations of, short teaching on any subjects which the Guider is in the habit of giving to her Guides. She will thus be killing two birds with one stone—giving her teaching and helping girls to turn their eyes overseas at the same time.

(c) As stories for the Guiders to tell themselves.

(d) As second class intelligence tests.

(e) As material for games, e.g., an imaginary trek round all the places mentioned in the book ; general post with the places mentioned. Patrol questions as team races, e.g. : "Are there Guides in India ?" "What is the West African Guide uniform like ?" "How do Japanese girls go to bed ?"

Section III. *Native Games* can be used at any meeting.

A whole India or China, etc., evening could be planned, using stories, native games, and games about the country, also competitions and general knowledge papers. Pictures, maps, lantern slides, costumes, and curios can be borrowed from the Loan Departments of most of the missionary societies.

A collection of uniforms, as worn by Guides in each country overseas, is being made, and particulars of how these can be obtained on loan may be had from Miss I. E. Barbour, Broxton Old Hall, Broxton, Chester.

III. WAYS IN WHICH GUIDES AT HOME CAN HELP THOSE OVERSEAS

WHEN a Guide is growing fast she probably has to lengthen her skirt now and then.

There are plenty of ways in which girls at home can help Guides and others overseas, if we are willing to "let down our hems," and grow up in our ideas. We need to be ready to give in the way in which help is really needed, not just in the most interesting way. How can we help?

(1) The more you know about a person, nearly always the greater friends you become. So we shall want to read all we can about "people and things" overseas. To give a particular length of time on a particular day each week to this reading would be a real way of helping. A list of interesting books will be found on page 71. A bulletin of news is sent twice a year to all companies linked with those overseas by the C.M.S. Registration Scheme. Particulars from the Secretary for Guides, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, E.C. 4.

(2) We can give support to a school overseas in which a Guide Company is at work. This is a better way of helping than sending money for a particular company, as the school needs it more, and without the school the Guide Company would not exist. Or we can give money for the salary of a Guider who is working as a missionary overseas.

(3) We can sew; certain gifts such as cotton frocks, book bags, vests, sewing materials, as well as all kinds of school stationery are always wanted. So too are all kinds of hospital supplies. Full lists of these and information as to the particular needs of any one station can be obtained from the missionary societies.

(4) The best way of all of helping is by really praying for the companies and people we know about overseas. This needs method in arrangement and "sticking to" just as much as any other piece of Guide work.

IV. BIBLIOGRAPHY

THERE is now a splendid selection of books about other countries available, and many of them are particularly suitable for Guiders and Guides. The books mentioned below may be ordered from the Publishing Department of any missionary society or bookseller. Catalogues giving the latest titles in the different "series" of books mentioned may be had on application.

FOR GUIDERS :

BACKGROUND TRAVEL BOOKS

Africa and Her Peoples. Price 2s.

(Also China, India, and Japan in this series.)

The Dragon Sheds his Skin. By Winifred Galbraith

Japan. By Walter Weston

Persian Pictures. By Gertrude Bell

Two Gentlemen of China. By Lady Hosie

A Daughter of the Samurai. By Etsu Inajaki Sujimoto

India. By F. A. Steel

Kashmir. By Sir Francis Younghusband

Palestine Old and New. By A. M. Hyamson

Palestine Awake. By Sophie Loeb

BIOGRAPHIES

Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith. By Constance E. Padwick

Mary Dobson. By U. M. Saunders

Mary Slessor. By W. P. Livingstone

Pandita Ramabai. By N. Macnichel

"YARNS" AND "HEROINES" SERIES

True dramatic stories of heroic adventure in many lands. Each book contains suggestions in lesson form.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

FOR GUIDES

BIOGRAPHIES

Hannington of Africa

Livingstone of Africa

Mackay the Roadmaker

Pennell of the Indian Frontier

The "Girl's" series. Give sketches of home life in other lands. Illustrated. 1s. each.

The "Pie" series. Full of true stories and articles on everyday life in the countries concerned, well illustrated. 1s. each.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN :—

<i>If I Lived in Africa</i>	} 1s. each
<i>If I Lived in Japan</i>	
<i>If I Lived in Palestine</i>	

FOR BROWNIES

The "Round the World" story book series. 1s. 6d. each.

The "Babies" series. Stories of. 1s. each

<i>Other Boys and Girls</i>	} 1s. each
<i>Boys and Girls of India</i>	

Children of Japan Postcard Painting Book. 1s. 6d.

The Africa Painting Book. 1s.

The India Painting Book. 1s.

The Japan Painting Book. 1s.

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